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A Tenderfoot in the Tropics



By
MACK P. CRETCHER

ILLUSTRATED

FIRST EDITION

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY CRANE & COMPANY TOPEKA 1918



FOREWORD

This unpretentious little volume is presented to the public with few excuses. No claims of particular literary effort are made for it. It contains mostly letters that were written to home papers, the Newton Kansan and the Sedgwick Pantagraph, and published from time to time during a period of more than three years which the writer spent in the Orient. An attempt has been made to arrange these letters in some measure of logical sequence. Otherwise they stand about as written while the author was gaining his limited experience in the Tropics.

There must be something subtle about life in the Tropics that inspires one to write. Nearly every foreign resident there has at times felt the desire to write a book about the Philippines. Often, possibly too often, the ambition has been realized. As a result, a great deal of historical, statistical and political information has been published about the Philippines. It is available for all who care to read it. This little volume has no particular bearing on any of these topics. It is largely the first-hand impressions of a tenderfoot from the great plains of Kansas, who tarried for a time in a new and exceedingly strange environment.

It is mostly a tale of personal experiences in the Philippine Islands, including also some fleeting glimpses obtained of China and Japan. The writer has attempted to tell his little story truthfully and as things appeared to him. There are "many men of many minds" among the American contingent in the Philippines. Especially is this true concerning political and social affairs. Of these topics many have had their say in books and writings seemingly without end.

If you are looking for that sort of material here you will surely be disappointed. This book is no defense of either the "New Era" or the mooted "Days of the Empire." As before stated, it is merely a disjointed story of personal experiences and observations jotted down and sent home for publication in local newspapers from time to time, and now compiled and offered the public in book form.

To those who have traveled the same road, the stories may recall similar experiences. To others who may not have traveled so far, these experiences may at least give some idea of how it feels to be a tenderfoot in tropic lands. If the book interests you, we shall both be pleased. If it does not—well, it wouldn't be the first experience of that kind which you have had with books, now would it?

Truly,

THE AUTHOR.

SEDGWICK, KANSAS, December 1, 1918.

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CHAPTER I.

THE START.

[Newton Evening Kansan, May 9, 1914.]

Mack P. Cretcher, of this city, has received an appointment to the United States Insular Service in the Philippines, and he and Mrs. Cretcher will leave tomorrow, May 10, on the California Limited for San Francisco, with the intention of sailing May 14 at noon on the steamship *Mongolia* for Manila.

This announcement will come with but little more surprise to their friends than it came to Mr. and Mrs. Cretcher themselves. A message was received yesterday at noon by Mr. Cretcher from the Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington, stating that if acceptable the appointment would be made and that it would come about through the recommendation of Henderson Martin. Accustomed to acting with promptness and decision, Mr. Cretcher wired Washington immediately to send on the transportation with further instructions. The arrangements above outlined are the "further instructions," and the transportation is to be wired today.

The message stated that the work is to be the investigation and promotion of industries in the Philippine Islands, and in that capacity the administration would have trouble in finding a better man than Cretcher. In fact, he is most admirably equipped in experience, age, and mature judgment, to make valuable recommendations to his department in the work assigned to him. His numerous friends here and all over the state will congratulate Mack upon his ap-

pointment, which came unsolicited, and carries a comfortable salary.

As stated, the appointment came through Hon. Henderson Martin, of Marion, Vice-Governor of the Islands. Several months ago when writing to Mr. Martin, Mack rather jokingly stated that if there were any convenient jobs lying around in the Islands, that he wouldn't mind making the trip over. That was all the mention ever given the matter, and the message from Washington yesterday was the first intimation Mack has had that his statement had been remembered.

Forty-eight hours is rather a short time to accept a job, clean up a considerable amount of personal affairs, and get ready to make a journey half way round the earth; but that is the order, and the Cretchers will be ready to start on the long journey tomorrow at 2:55. The ocean trip will require about four weeks, and the boat will touch Honolulu and several ports in Japan.

[Newton Evening Kansan, May 11, 1914.]

Mr. and Mrs. Mack P. Cretcher left yesterday afternoon on No. 3, the California Limited, for San Francisco, from which port they will sail for Manila, Thursday at noon on the Pacific mail ship *Mongolia*. A large crowd of friends gathered at the station to bid Mr. and Mrs. Cretcher good bye and "bon voyage." We are sorry to have them go, but rather rejoice in the opportunity they have been given of broadening their knowledge of the world by first-hand experience. They have promised to write the *Kansan* frequently, and their greetings will be passed on to Newton and Harvey County friends.

CHAPTER II.

THE JOURNEY.

Honolulu, May 20, 1914.

As per my promise on leaving Newton, herewith a few rambling notes of impressions obtained while traveling steadily westward for more than a week.

We had a most delightful ride out to San Francisco, leaving Newton May 10 and arriving at San Francisco the evening of May 12. The California Limited is a fine train and makes good time. Serves meals on board, carries an observation car, library, writing room, and all modern conveniences. The first night out, I was in the observation car rather late, writing, when my attention was attracted to a rather nervous man. Every once in a while he would look at his watch, call the porter and talk to him earnestly. wondered why the porter didn't put the fellow to bed, as I judged that was what was troubling him. But that wasn't it. as I found out later, when the porter came in with a grin and a bottle of beer, and said: "We are in Colorado now, sah, so it's all right." The man had been sitting up waiting until we had crossed the Kansas line into Colorado so he could get a bottle of beer.

Within twenty-four hours from date of our departure we were at Albuquerque, New Mexico, which shows that we were speeding quite lively. This is a queer old Spanish-Mexican town. The Curio Store there is well worthy a visit, and as our train stopped there for an hour we had a good chance to look over this place. One interesting sight was to watch the Indians making the famous Navajo rugs

and blankets. There were many Navajo Indians around the station, peddling Indian curios. The squaws all had their legs wrapped from knee down to ankle with some sort of a legging that looked quite odd and uncomfortable. I don't know why they wear such a mess of wadding. It certainly wasn't because of the cold the day we were there.

We left Albuquerque shortly after noon, and traveled all the rest of the day over a rather uninteresting desert country. By the next morning we were at Barstow, where the western train divides, one train going down to Los Angeles and our train going northwest to San Francisco. We were climbing into the mountains, and I watched the Los Angeles train winding its way off down through hills and valleys for quite a while. The mountains of California were levely, quite rugged and picturesque, especially as we began to wend our way down the western slope. It was June, and many of the mountain sides in the distance were fairly ablaze with great fields of poppy blossoms. From Bakersfield up to Frisco the country is a land of fruits, flowers, and prolific agriculture, but hot. We fairly sizzled, and I wondered if the Philippines would be proportionally hotter. Got to the bay about 9 o'clock that night, and nearly froze as we were ferried across to San Francisco.

We spent the next day getting ready for the long journey and seeing the sights. I had been in San Francisco before the big quake and fire, and looked at the magic new city that had sprung from the ruins with much wonder and admiration. San Francisco was all new, clean, beautiful, showing hardly a trace of the great disaster which would have utterly obliterated a less enterprising place. Went out to the Fair Grounds and saw several of the new buildings being erected for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. I rather anticipate that this will be one Fair that we will miss. The

grounds are being rapidly prepared for the big show, and are lovely already. But fine as San Francisco is, I don't like the weather there. Every time I have been there, it has been fog, chill, then hot, then more fog and chill, and the wind howls a regular gale. I suppose one could get used to it, but the climate there has never had a very pleasant appeal to me.

Thursday noon, May 14, we went down to the dock and boarded the steamer Mongolia for the long journey. looked like a veritable monster to me, compared with the United Fruit Company boat on which we had made our previous and only sea trip, from New Orleans to Panama. The Mongolia is one of the largest boats on the Pacific, 27,000 tons, 625 feet long, carries a Filipino band, has barber shop, laundry, swimming tank, electric fans in every stateroom, and electric reading light in each berth. We had a big crowd on board, bound for Honolulu, Yokohama, Manila, and Hongkong. About forty of the passengers were young men going to Manila to teach school in the Philippines. It doesn't take a crowd of steamer passengers long to get acquainted, and we were all soon on the most friendly terms. The Golden Gate wasn't very golden the day we sailed out Too many clouds and too much Frisco fog. Within to sea. two hours from the time we sailed, the good old U.S.A. faded out of sight entirely and we were bobbing up and down on the six days' run to Honolulu. They say the sea is always heavy just outside the Gate, and it lived up to its reputation the day we left. Mrs. Cretcher gave up the fight and several other things before dark that night, but although not much of a sailor, I managed to hold out faithful, although rather uncomfortable and doubtful of myself at times.

There is not much change of scenery in ocean travel, so aside from gossip about "who's who" on board, the playing

of games, reading, writing, and taking life as easy as the restless waves will permit, there was not much going on. Our ship rode steadily most of the way, and the journey to Honolulu was pleasant, even if uneventful. After six days of ocean travel, this harbor of Honolulu looks like a picture of Paradise. Anxious to get this letter off now. Possibly more about Honolulu later.

CHAPTER III.

HONOLULU.

On Board, May 22, 1914.

We thoroughly enjoyed our stop of one day at Honolulu. Everybody says Honolulu is beautiful. In this I heartily concur. Still I have the suspicion that one thing that enhances its beauty is the days and days of sea voyage necessary to reach the place. After a week or two of endless waste of water, any sort of land, even a rugged rock, would look pretty good. But Honolulu's delightful tropical climate, the blue sea, the green mountains, the profusion of flowers, the glistening coral beaches with the pounding surf and the white breakers rolling in, makes a pleasant picture that is sure to live long in the memory of every traveler who has visited Honolulu.

Here is a little story that shows how little some of our home people know about the rest of the world. It was told me by a gentleman on our boat, whose home is in Honolulu. He said that he was in New York recently and was introduced to a man as Mr. Jones from Honolulu. The party said: "Oh, you live in Honolulu, do you? I have a friend over there, a Mr. Jackson, who lives in Manila. I wonder if you ever met him?" The Honolulu man smiled, and told him that he hadn't met his friend yet, but might do so any time, as he usually made the practice of going over from Honolulu to Manila every Saturday night. And the New Yorker didn't realize that he was being joshed. It takes about ten days steady sailing from Honolulu in order to reach Japan, and it's about six days more of steady sailing

from Japan on down to Manila. It would be about like some one over here asking a New Yorker if he had ever met his friend down at Rio de Janeiro.

We were glad to get our feet on solid ground at Honolulu. You can't realize what a pleasant sensation it is until you have tried it. We went at once to the splendid Alexander Young Hotel, where mail awaited me from Vice-Governor Martin, the first definite information I had concerning my future duties in the Philippines. In company with Dr. Waters, of the Kansas Agricultural College, and family, we made an automobile trip of over fifty miles out over the island, which gave us an exceptional chance for observation during our limited visit. Mr. Thomas, one of the big pineapple planters of the island, came over on the same boat with us and kindly favored us with the auto ride. I saw his car hoisted on board at San Francisco, and little thought at the time that I would be spinning over Honolulu's smooth roads in that same car. But before noon the car was unloaded and up to the hotel and we were all aboard. ride out through the city with its beautiful residences, parks and fairyland of flowers, was delightful indeed. We were soon out among the famous sugar plantations. The cane is grown under a splendid system of irrigation. On this trip as we climbed to higher ground we had a fine view of Pearl Harbor, the United States naval station in these islands. Several miles out of Honolulu I was surprised to see a big permanent encampment of soldiers. I was told that our government had over 8,000 soldiers there at that time. didn't know that we had any soldiers there at all. But I am beginning to realize that what I don't know would make a pretty good sized book, any way, so why worry?

Our visit to the big pineapple plantation of Mr. Thomas was quite interesting. He not only is a big planter, but op-

erates two canning factories in Honolulu. We went out into the fields, gathered the ripe, yellow fruit, and had it served to us after we got back to his home. The peeling was removed and the fruit was then served in long slices like watermelon, the sweet, yellow slices fairly swimming in rich juice in the big platter. Good? It couldn't well be finer. It was tender, sweet without the adding of sugar, and of a delicious flavor. The sour, woody pineapples occasionally found in the markets at home have no resemblance to these big golden pineapples of Hawaii.

While washing my hands at the ranch house, a centipede came crawling out of the drain into the basin, and I watched his wiggling legs and wondered if those things were common to the Tropics. If so, I am in for an interesting time, for that wiggler didn't look good to me.

We came back to town past an extinct volcano, stopped at the famous Waikiki Beach where the surf-riders have so much fun, visited the U. S. Agricultural Experiment Station, and also spent a delightful hour at the Aquarium looking at the wonderful collection of fish. And they are indeed wonderful. Not only in numbers and varieties, but also in coloring. Bright blue fish, red fish, green fish, speckled, spotted, ringed, and striped fish, that resembled fancy patterns of silk or calico. An artist would have a task trying to show the colors and blends of colors those fish sported. There were freak fish, big and little fish, fish with horns and swords; in fact the aquarium at Honolulu is one of the world's show places in the fish line, and well worthy a visit. Our only regret was that we had so little time there.

But the boat was to leave that evening, and we had to hurry to the dock. But the flower girls were in wait for us, and you can't escape the purchase of some of their flowers, which are worn as a wreath around the neck as a sign of good luck. Everybody invested. Some of the most staid and dignified passengers were walking around on deck when we went aboard, decorated with two or three wreaths of flowers around the neck. We were soon away from the dock and gliding out across the bay. A bunch of naked Hawaiian boys followed swimming alongside the big steamer, begging passengers to throw coins overboard, for which they dived. They followed us out for over half a mile before the last one turned and headed back for the shore. Our final view of Honolulu harbor as dusk settled down over the dark mountains, the beautiful shore with its feathery palms and white breakers rolling in, the white houses, the lights beginning to twinkle here and there, made a very pretty picture indeed. Beautiful Honolulu, our only regret was that our visit was so short.

CHAPTER IV.

JAPAN.

KYOTO, JAPAN, June 2, 1914.

We are now in Kyoto, the heart of old Japan, and the seat of government for centuries until the capital was moved to Tokyo in 1860. I am sitting tonight in a handsome hotel of 150 rooms, situated on a high bluff overlooking the quaint old city of Kyoto. It is called the Miyako Hotel, and is about two miles from the railway station. We arrived here yesterday evening after an interesting journey by rail from Tokyo. No words can describe how odd were the scenes through which we have passed in the last few days.

After leaving Honolulu we had pleasant weather for two days. Then we encountered a rough sea. Mrs. Cretcher had been seasick several times, but after eight days on the ocean with no sign of sickness myself, I had begun to think that I was a pretty good sailor. This idea changed after we encountered the rough sea. I lost my reputation as a sailor, and that wasn't half of what I lost at that time either. Of course I attributed my indisposition to the fact that I had eaten too heartily of the Hawaiian pineapples and powdered sugar that were served at nearly every meal since leaving Honolulu, but I guess the fact of the matter was that I was plainly seasick for the first time in my life. I was sick all right. Seasickness is a joke only when you are not seasick. I found that out to my entire satisfaction.

As we neared the coast of Japan we encountered the phosphorescent glow on the waves, which was a wonderful sight. I had read of the "sea of fire," but had no idea it was so

beautiful. The glow of the waves isn't red. It is a beautiful radiant purple and blue, and as the ship plows through the waves there is a glow from their crests that lights up the ship of a night with a wonderful, unreal, wavering, beautiful light that is impossible to describe. The darker the night the more beautiful the effect. Ask some one who knows, to tell you what causes it. I was told that millions of minute insects that are capable of producing light after the manner of the firefly or the glowworm, are the cause of this glow on the water.

We were in the great Japan current on Decoration Day, and nearing the coast. May 31 we sighted the headlands of Japan, and by noon were on land at Yokohama. We spent the afternoon sight-seeing there, and left on the evening train for Tokyo, the capital city, where we spent the night. Yokohama is the seaport of Tokyo. It has a population of over 400,000. Tokyo has over two million inhabitants. We were out until after midnight seeing the queer scenes in Tokyo, including a glimpse of the "Yoshiwara," which needs no description. If you have ever been there you know all about it, and if you haven't I presume you are just as well off.

In Yokohama we had our first ride in a jinrikisha. That is the full name of the little two-wheeled buggy which is pulled by a native, who works between the shafts like a horse. This name is usually shortened to 'rickisha, and the average tourist pronounces it "rickshaw." It's the easiest and cheapest means of transportation, and nearly everybody travels that way. You hop in, sit down, the Jap gets in between the shafts, lifts them up even with his hips, gets a firm hold on them with his hands, and away he goes on a trot. We made quite a display in most places we have been. In our immediate party were Dr. Waters, his wife and son Jack,

Mr. Ross, a teacher from Lawrence, Mrs. Cretcher and I, and a Japanese boy who had been a student at Manhattan for a number of years. He met Dr. Waters at Yokohama, and was guide and interpreter for all of us all through Japan, and his services were invaluable. Strung out in a line, our 'rickishas made quite a procession, and we were about as big a curiosity to the Japs as they were to us. They followed us around that night in Tokyo, and whenever we stopped we were usually surrounded by the curious crowds, often packing the street solidly for nearly a whole block. I had no idea there were so many Japs in the world. They are thick as fleas.

We left Tokyo yesterday morning, and all through the long journey, ending here at nightfall, we were on a fast express train, and still seeing mobs of Japanese all the way. They were at work in the rice fields, wheat fields, tea plantations, and thousands of them in the towns, and from Tokyo to Kyoto it seemed almost like one vast town all the journey of 350 miles. The express train was a good one, but engine and coaches were built for Japs and not for big six-foot Kansans. I always bumped my head when entering one of the coaches, as I could not think to "duck." a result I had several bumps on my forehead. The train had a dining car and all modern conveniences. Meals were very good, but we had one new experience with Japanese methods. On each table were big glass jars. Some of these jars contained choice fruit, and others were filled with frosted cakes. I am fond of cake, and near the close of the meal helped myself rather freely to the cakes in the jar. Others sampled the Naturally we supposed they were served with the fruit. meal, but when we came to settle we discovered that a waiter had been quietly standing behind our back, noting ust how many cakes we had taken from the jar, and the price for the cakes and fruit were in each instance added to the regular price of the meal. We had been indulging in extras, and of course had to pay for them. The Japs no doubt chuckled to themselves and called that good business.

The scenes from the car window that day will never be The rice fields were flooded, and women were working knee deep in the mud. There were queer houses, temples, burying grounds, vehicles, costumes—it all seems like a dream. There was practically no machinery on the farms. All the work is done by hand. No horses or mules to speak of. Occasionally we saw a plow drawn by a cow-The fields are very small, and usually were being worked with a queer tool that looked like a huge hoe. The wheat and rice is cut with a hand sickle such as we use at home to trim around the trees on the lawn. The people carry all burdens in buckets, suspended one on each end of a bamboo pole which is placed on the shoulder. Even the dirt from the big excavations for railroads and buildings is carried out that way. They evidently have so many people here that they must find something for them to do, and labor is so cheap there is little demand as yet for modern machinery.

There is no counting these swarms of people. Today at the railroad station the sound of their wooden shoes, tramp, tramp, tramp, on the board floors rattled like the march of some vast army or a bunch of cattle on stampede. At every station along the road where the train stopped there were swarms of people, and the station platform was crowded with peddlers loaded with fruits, candies and cakes. Each peddler had a sing-song story of what he had to sell, no doubt, but it sounded to me more like the wailer had lost his last friend and was getting some of the mourning out of his system.

From a purely scenic viewpoint a trip by rail through

Japan is wonderful. It is a combination of mountain climbing, then down valley and through tunnels, here a glimpse of the sea, cascades, waterfalls, flowers, etc. We were too late for "cherry blossom" time, which comes in April, but there was a profusion of tree-peonies, wistarias and azuleas. We got only a fleeting glimpse of the famous volcano, old Fujiama, from the train, as there were clouds all about the summit which obscured the view. Truly, Japan is a beautiful country.

Kyoto, where we are tonight, looked beautiful with its sparkling electric lights as we came in last night. equally beautiful from my window this evening. busy day as we have had! We have seen wonderful silks and embroidery, chinaware and satsuma, art vases and carved ivory, visited temples and tea houses, on the go every I have climbed temple steps until I don't care to ever see another temple; and there are some great temples here, even at that. There are Shinto shrines, Buddhist temples, and all sorts of odd religious inventions for all purposes, from praising patron saints to scaring away devils. Shoes must be removed before entering any temple. They get around this by furnishing a cotton slipper, or sort of big sock, which they furnish foreigners. These are tied on over the shoes, and then you can go in. Some of these temples are very, very old. In many places the heavy board floors are worn down except where there are knots in the boards. These smooth knots are harder and do not wear away so rapidly, but the boards worn down by the tramping of bare feet give some idea of the age of the place and the millions of feet that have trod the sacred spot in days long departed.

I was rather amused at an old priest in one of the temples. He was kneeling down in front of one of the shrines when we entered, and was I suppose praying most devoutly. At

least he was making a big noise about something. There is a place near the shrine where visitors are supposed to toss a few coins in order to keep on the good side of the Japanese deity. So we tossed in a few as our contribution. They rattled on the floor and evidently interfered in a measure with the old father's devotion, as I noticed that he opened one eye wide enough to note how much money had been dumped, but he kept right on praying just the same. He undoubtedly had a little curiosity mixed up with his religion. That was plain to be seen.

At one place in our journey about town today I saw a potter's wheel in action, and a Jap workman turned out dishes, vases, cups, etc., from the clay in a wonderful manner. He merely took a wad of potter's clay, slammed it down on the wheel which revolved like a phonograph disc, then grabbed hold of the clay with his hands, and up rose the vase, saucer, plate, or whatever he decided to make. He made dozens of things while we stood there looking at him, and I don't know vet how he did it, but up they would come under his skillful fingers, be clipped off and set aside ready to be baked, and then up would come another one. The Japanese are skillful workmen and very artistic people. They do not work in big factories, but here and there in hundreds of little shops. There are so many pretty things in these shops made by these cunning workmen that you can hardly resist buying everything in sight if you have money enough. are experts at separating the tourist from his coin. are so polite and solicitous. They bow and scrape and kowtow and bow some more, and are ready to "sting" you at the first opportunity.

At one store we saw some lovely plates. We asked the price and thought the salesman said they were ten "sen" each. Now a "sen" corresponds to our cent, and a word

"yen," that sounds much the same, is their word for dollar. Well, we went all through the lovely store, but Mrs. Cretcher couldn't get over the idea of those lovely china plates for ten cents. She declared they were the cheapest things she ever heard tell of, and was determined to buy one. I told her it would probably be broken before we got to our destination, but she insisted that she would risk ten cents on it anyway, even if she had to carry it to Manila in her lap. So back we went to the wonderful bargain counter, only to learn that the price was ten "yen" instead of ten "sen," so we didn't invest in any ten dollar plates that day. They were beautiful, I'll admit that, but there is some difference between a sen and a yen.

Shopping with the Japanese is some task. One never knows when one has a bargain. I bought a scarf pin in town for \$1.40, and bought two better ones from a peddler on the boat for only 50 cents for the two. And a young man who sat next to me in the dining-room on the boat had a scarf pin exactly like the two I bought for 50 cents, and he paid the same peddler 75 cents for his and thought he had secured quite a bargain. Mrs. Cretcher wanted a pretty tortoise-shell jewel box displayed by one of the peddlers. He wanted \$8.00 for it at the start. I finally got him down to \$4.00, and Mrs. Cretcher insisted that I should buy it, as it was cheap enough, and she wanted it! So I bought at \$4.00, and before I got to my stateroom with it another peddler offered me one just like it for \$3.00. How are you to know when you get a bargain in Japan, anyway?

I could write on and on of the queer sights and experience of the past few days, but I really haven't time to write more now, and I am tired. No more temples for me. I'm too fat. Besides, we are to leave soon by rail for the short run down to Kobe, where we again join the steamer Mongolia,

sailing from there through the Inland Sea of Japan to Nagasaki, and from there on down to our final destination, Manila. I am fairly in love with old Kyoto, and especially this hotel with its accommodating people, its pretty, noiseless Japanese girl waiters, its handsome fairyland of a dining-room, large, airy rooms and splendid service. The weather is delightful. Not too warm, just pleasant like a Kansas evening in June when everything is just right. I had no idea when we started that we would have the chance for such a delightful trip through Japan. In fact, thought we would be lucky if we even made one Japanese port.

First thing we heard before landing at Yokohama, June 1, was a wireless message of the terrible disaster to the *Empress of Ireland* in the St. Lawrence River, so you see we get the news promptly even if we are nearly half way round the world. And one thinks more seriously about a disaster like that when on shipboard than when safely ashore on good solid ground. Well, our journey is nearing the end. Tomorrow the Inland Sea and Nagasaki, then south to Manila. Everything is lovely so far. Here's hoping our good luck continues.

CHAPTER V.

IN A TYPHOON.

NAGASAKI, JAPAN, June 4, 1914.

We arrived here this morning safely, thankful indeed that our experiences were no worse. For we have been in a typhoon, and it was serious business for a time. When we left Kobe the other night there were rumors that a storm was coming, but nobody paid much attention to it. Yesterday, when we were well out in the Inland Sea, the storm struck us with sudden fury. It was the real hair-raising feature of our entire trip. The typhoon is a big rotary storm often hundreds of miles in circumference, a gigantic cyclone that is powerful and destructive on land, and a perfect terror on the sea. We could see this storm coming, a solid wall of darkness, and when it struck our ship the wind never howled in Kansas like it did that day. It listed the Mongolia badly and soon lashed the waves fairly mountain high, it seemed to me. The Chinese crew saw the storm coming and undertook to take in the canvas awnings on the deck. They didn't get the ropes untied before the storm struck, and each Chinaman whipped out his knife and cut the ropes and the big canvas was whipped back against the staterooms. Several of the heavy wooden awning supports were snapped off and the crashing timbers and roar of the wind and waves was terrifying.

I always thought I would be scared if I encountered a bad storm at sea, and I was not disappointed. I'll admit I was scared. It was the worst sea I ever saw, and they say it was the worst storm on the Inland Sea during the past ten

years. The wind registered a velocity of 112 miles per hour, so you may imagine what a gale it was. Eighty miles per hour is considered a hurricane. I was not the only frightened passenger on board. The wind whipped the tops of the big waves off clean, and the air was full of flying spray that often obscured the view. At times the wind and roar almost drowned out the wailing screech of the ship's siren whistle, that let out its mournful wail quite often because the pilot couldn't see any distance ahead or on either side. The wail of a ship's siren whistle alone is enough to give one the creeps.

Right when the storm was at its worst, one of the passengers arose to the occasion beautifully. He went to a stateroom, got a life-preserver, wrapped it up nicely in a steamer rug and brought it to the social hall and placed it on a lounge near the door, for use of one of his lady friends in case worst came to worst. He was so proud of his foresight in the great emergency that he couldn't keep from talking about it. Other timid ladies appealed to him for assistance, and for fully half an hour our hero was as busy as a squirrel gathering acorns. Away he would go to a stateroom and back he would come with another life-preserver wrapped in a steamer rug. He kept this up until he had the women all excited, and the pile of life-preservers in that corner grew until it almost reached the ceiling. The gusts of wind that occasionally tore through the ship whipped the rugs from the life-preservers, so that everybody saw what was going on. Then somebody told the captain, and when he appeared on the scene he gave the hero a talk that was quite lurid, called him everything but a hero, and for another half hour the man with the preparedness idea was busily engaged carrying life-preservers and steamer rugs back to staterooms. dently every great crisis brings out a man of the hour to meet the emergency. This man's antics would have been amusing if we hadn't all been so scared at the time. As it was, I heartily enjoyed hearing the captain talk to him.

I don't know whether you folks at home ever heard of this big storm; probably not, but it was certainly a thrilling experience to us. It is estimated that over 1,000 Japanese fishermen lost their lives that day in the storm. While the storm was at its worst the Mongolia stopped and rescued four fishermen from a wrecked "sampan," a native boat that was fairly hitting the high places on the waves. There was great excitement on board when the wrecked boat was sighted. The occupants had lost all control of their craft and were at the mercy of the sea. The little boat could be seen on the crest of a big wave, then it would careen over and start sliding down the wave into the trough of the sea, exactly like coasting down hill on a sled. Then we would lost sight of them entirely and think they had gone down, but finally here they would appear, going over the crest of another monstrous wave. Captain Rice had a hard time in handling the Mongolia while shifting around so as to bring the small boat on the sheltered side so that ropes could be thrown to the occupants, but after about half an hour they came alongside and were hauled up over the side. They were nearly scared stiff, and utterly collapsed when they were finally on deck. In all, the Mongolia made four stops that afternoon and rescued fourteen of the wrecked fishermen that were fortunate enough to be within our path. At one time the members of the crew commenced to jabber and point to some object away in the distance. I got my field glasses and was astounded at what they revealed. Five fellows were standing on the bottom of their upturned boat, clinging to a rope which they had managed to get around it. The water was breaking up around their waists at times. How they managed to stick

there I don't know. Some of them didn't manage it. One upturned boat that had three fellows hanging on to it, had had three more washed away. The rescue work was exciting. In every instance the fishermen hung to the rescue ropes or clung to the ladders until they were safely on board and then dropped all in a heap, completely exhausted. wouldn't have been in their fix for anything. Just think of being out in a sea like that, standing on the slippery bottom of an upturned boat with the waves up to your waist at times. The Inland Sea is a great place for fishing fleets of small boats, and the storm came on them without warning, often upsetting their boats, snapping off sails, and in some cases wrecking the boat completely. We passed dozens of upturned, smashed sampans before dark that night, and the sea was strewn with wreckage, casks, boxes, timbers, etc. Late that afternoon, after the storm had abated somewhat, we sighted several small Japanese steamers that were out doing rescue work. The storm was bad enough on a big ship like the Mongolia. I can imagine how the fellows on the small boats felt. The worst of the storm only lasted about four hours, but that was plenty long enough. It was quite an exciting experience, and I am glad it is over. One experience like that is enough for me. I would as soon risk my neck in a Kansas tornado as to be out at sea in another typhoon At home you can at least crawl into a cyclone cellar. at sea there is nothing to do but ride it out. It's all right. of course, if you ride it out, but in case you didn't, as Mr. Perlmutter would say, "That would be something else alreadv."

The Japanese we rescued were given warm food and dry clothes and were put to bed, and were all soon sound asleep. They were all landed today here in Nagasaki, and the passengers raised a nice little sum of money which was donated

to the unfortunates, being divided equally among them. Before the *Mongolia* sailed a notice was posted on board stating that the Japanese government tendered sincere thanks to Captain Rice and the *Mongolia* passengers for their kindness.

We are to sail from Nagasaki this afternoon at 4 o'clock for the last lap of our journey, then run down past the island of Formosa and on down to Manila. No more stops. Here's hoping no more typhoons. Nagasaki looks quite pretty from the harbor. The town is built up on the hillsides, which rise rather abruptly in terraces from the shore. We are going ashore for a little sight-seeing trip. I hope there are not many temples. I have climbed enough temple steps already. So this afternoon we bid farewell to fair Japan and sail away for Manila.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARRIVAL.

Manila, June 18, 1914.

Well we arrived safe and sound at last. It took nearly a month of continuous travel to get here. It is a much longer distance when you come to travel it than it is when you merely look it up on the map. If I should write a letter home expecting a prompt answer, the best that could be reasonably hoped for would be to get the reply in about three months. We are now almost half way round the world, and the more you travel it the more thoroughly you become convinced that it is a pretty big world.

It seems rather queer to be sitting at my desk here in Manila and writing a letter home to the old paper on which I worked for nearly a quarter of a century; but I am rapidly becoming used to queer things.

Coming down from Nagasaki, nearly one thousand miles south to Manila, the weather warmed up considerably. We traveled one whole day in sight of the island of Formosa. It was a much larger island than I expected to see. It is governed by Japan. The first day out of Nagasaki, the ship's officers all appeared in white uniforms for the first time on the trip, a pretty good indication that we were approaching the Tropics. They looked fine. I like nice white clothes, they look so cool and clean.

We arrived in Manila, Monday, June 8, having traveled steadily for the Orient since leaving Newton, on Sunday, May 10, almost a month. When we passed the fortified island of Corregidor at the entrance to Manila Bay I supposed we were right at Manila, but to my surprise found that there was a steady run of three hours across the bay before we anchored outside the breakwater for customs and quarantine inspection. As we came across the bay we could see historic Cavite on the bay shore off to the right.

Governor Martin and several other officials were at the pier to welcome us, and he had all my luggage passed without the troublesome inspection, which was fine, but on my baggage declaration I had stated that I had a shotgun among my possessions. That meant trouble for me, for the officials demanded that I produce the gun at once and turn it over to the Constabulary. You can't bring a gun into the Islands nor buy nor use one here without getting a permit and putting up a bond of 100 pesos. This was news to me, but it was clearly up to me to produce the gun. It was hot in that old shed at Pier No. 5, red hot it seemed to me. The gun was in the bottom of one of my trunks that was strapped and roped the most securely. I eventually got to it and turned it over to the officer, but the process certainly took all the starch out of my clothing. Dressed in good old heavy States clothes I perspired like a harvest hand. It was my first introduction to tropic heat, and was rather startling. I thought I surely would melt before I got out of there. The officers gave me a receipt for my gun and will hold it until I leave the Islands or come across with the money. When I am assured that I can have sport enough to justify it, I will take my gun out of soak. You get your money back when you leave, so I guess it's all right.

I was glad to leave that old pier, and enjoyed a short spin around town in an automobile before arriving at the Manila Hotel, where we were temporarily stopping. There was a rainstorm off on the mountains to the north of Manila and a nice little shower later in Manila. I remember I

thought the shower would surely cool things off and the next day would probably be more pleasant. That's the way it usually works at home, but it didn't work here. It can rain every fifteen minutes and still be hot and sultry.

We now have nice rooms at the Olmstead. They face out on the bay, nearly opposite the Elks Club and the Army and Navy Club. We are located near the Luneta, a public park, where the crowds congregate and the famous Constabulary band plays every evening. The parade grounds are right in line as I come down to work, and every morning as I come past on the way to my office in the Walled City, the American soldiers are out drilling on the green. They have a fine band, and to see the boys marching, the flags flying, and to hear the band playing good old American tunes, makes one feel pretty good. Who said I was homesick?

This is my second week in Manila and things don't look quite so strange to me as they did at first. They say Manila has been Americanized a great deal. It still looks like anything but an American city to me. Last Sunday in company with Governor Martin we enjoyed an auto ride away out to the northern limits of the city, and came back through the Tondo, or native, district. Of course I am a tenderfoot, but if that quarter of the town with its narrow streets and rows of little huts of nipa and bamboo has been Americanized, I am wondering what it was like before the change.

Governor Martin has been very good to us since we arrived, and the favors are doubly appreciated in a land like this where we are strangers to everything and to everybody. All the people have a good word for Governor Martin. He is apparently trying to give all classes an absolutely square deal. They have faith in his good common sense and sincerity of purpose. He wants to do the right thing, and seems to be doing it without ostentation or display. He has a

man's size job, and it is a pleasure to see the big, sturdy Kansan filling it so acceptably.

My work for the present will be the organization of agricultural societies among the farmers in the provinces. the present plan to organize a central or governing society in each province, so my work of organizing the same will eventually take me nearly all over the archipelago. There is practically no organization among the farmers here at present. A prominent Filipino has been assigned to go with me and assist in the work, Hon. Monico Mercado, a lawyer and ex-delegate to the Legislature from Pampanga. He is well educated, speaks Spanish and English, has an automobile (a fine French car), and knows the Islands and the people quite I anticipate that we will get along fine. We have arwell. ranged to start out on our first trip to the provinces of central Luzon early next month. I can't even pronounce the names of some of the places we are going to visit. Cabanatuan. Nueva Ecija, is one of them. Try that on your piano. expect I will know more about the Philippines by the time I write again. Here in Manila there are plenty of strange sights, but I presume this town of 300,000 people is hardly typical of the Islands.

There are over thirty moving-picture shows in Manila, some of them first-class. There are three daily newspapers printed in English. Only one of these daily papers has linotype machines at the present time. The others are hand set, and they are good-sized papers, too. They say labor is so cheap they can hardly afford to use machines. I haven't been around to the newspaper offices as yet. There is so much politics over here, and they went after me so hot right from the jump, that I assure you I had no desire to court any more of that kind of publicity than was absolutely necessary. Not being able to get an interview with me, one of

the weekly papers published an imaginary one, heading the article "An Imaginary Interview with Dr. Cretcher," in which I was roasted to a frazzle. The daily papers as a rule have been much kinder; but even so, I have the impression somehow that I am certainly getting all that's coming to me.

There was a typhoon here last week. The center of the storm went north of Manila, but a stiff blow was registered here. It sent one small steamer ashore and onto the rocks almost right in our back yard. The sailors got a line ashore and came off hand over hand. The rest of the ships in the bay rode the storm out in good shape, although some of them dragged their anchors and came pretty close in. They say there is good jacksnipe shooting within an hour's ride of Manila, and that duck shooting is good, especially along about November. That doesn't sound bad. Wild hogs are said to be numerous in certain localities, but are hard to get sight of. Plenty of deer, too. Filipinos sometimes catch them in woven nets. Where firearms are used, the plan is to get them after night with a torch. The deer approach out of curiosity and are then shot. That doesn't sound like sport to me.

I am beginning to get mail from home, but mail comes in bunches. Big bundle of papers and letters, then nothing doing for a week or two. But news is news, even if it is a month in reaching here. Right here in Manila the daily papers of say June 18 will have news items from the States under date of May 8, May 11, and so on. It's the best we can do. The good old Kansas farmer, getting his daily papers delivered at his rural mail box every day, hooked up by telephone with the whole country, with an automobile, good horses, fat cattle, plenty to eat, close to good churches, schools and towns, probably doesn't realize all his advantages. He would if he resided in the Orient for awhile.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Manila, June 30, 1914.

No doubt you would like to know how this country looks to a man from Kansas. I haven't seen much of it as yet, but what I have seen is about as foreign to anything we have at home as you could well imagine. After I have traveled around more, I hope to have a better viewpoint. Now everything is new and strange, and I feel like a cat in a strange garret. I presume the Philippines cannot be judged by Manila any more than America could be judged by New York, and Manila is about all of the Philippines I have seen so far.

It is a big town of about 300,000 people, cosmopolitan, all shades of color from pure white to African black. skins predominate. Of an evening on the Luneta when the band is playing and the crowds congregate to enjoy the sea breeze, hear the band play, and visit with each other, one may see almost every nationality, costume and color. There are soldiers in uniform, Filipinos, American men and women, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Spaniards, French, English, German, and a little of it all mixed. A man of mixed blood is called here a "mestizo." Manila has a pretty good street railway and interurban service, quite a number of English, Spanish, and Tagalog daily newspapers, a score of weekly papers, saloons without number, some beautiful old churches, some dance-houses and road-houses that are not so beautiful, many moving-picture shows, invariably spoken of as a "cine," a big beautiful, modern hotel "The Manila," many good clubs, including the Army and Navy, the Elks, the Spanish, the Columbia, the University, and several others. In the American quarter where we reside, Americans are so numerous that if it were not for the queer architecture of the buildings and surrounding scenery it would not be hard to imagine one was somewhere in the States.

Manila is a lovely place, especially after sundown when the lights are on. I can sit in my window facing the Elks Club and see the ships at anchor in the bay close at hand. I can see the lights twinkling across the bay at Cavite, where the Spanish fleet was pounded to pieces by Dewey's guns that famous morning in May, can see the blue mountains out toward the harbor entrance behind which the sun drops to rest, leaving a splash of color in the sky that is at times marvelous, and can watch the great billowy clouds as they are transformed with the borrowed colors of the sunset's glory. Then a glance across at Manila with its millions of sparkling electric lights and the subdued outlines of its buildings, even over in the Walled City, the tropic vegetation, the crowds of people all dressed in white on the Luneta, the Sunken Gardens and the green of Wallace Field-it is a beautiful picture indeed.

The really old part of the town is the Intramuros, or Walled City, on the south bank of the Pasig River. The walls are not like the old wall at St. Augustine, Florida, merely an old gateway preserved to show where the wall had been. The walls of Intramuros are of heavy masonry, and have stood thus for nearly three hundred years. They completely surround the old original Spanish town, and were built for business. The Bureau of Agriculture, where I have my office, is in the Walled City. I have a nice, cool office, electric fan, and all modern conveniences. The weather now is pleasant but rather warm, but I do not suffer

with the heat as I did during summer time at home. They say that when the rainy season now due sets in, it will be much cooler, and that in November, December and January the climate is delightful. April, May and June are the really hot months.

Am busy now getting ready for my first journey out to the provinces. After a few trips over the Islands I should be in a position to write more reliably about the Philippines. Last Sunday I was out on a fifty-mile auto trip, and saw a few things that surprised me. At one place I saw natives out catching grasshoppers. They had several gunnysacks full of the hoppers, and I was told they were catching them for food. I guess that is all right, too. A grasshopper is fully as cleanly in his habits and table manners as the pigs and chickens that we use for food back home, but somehow the idea of eating grasshoppers doesn't appeal to me. It is of course the thought of the thing, having been accustomed to considering the grasshopper as a bug, and not fit for food. But having been raised that way, I believe I will continue to stick to the food I am used to as long as I can obtain it, and not try any experiments with grasshoppers.

I also saw youngsters probably seven to eight years of age running around without any clothes on, not even a "geestring." That seemed rather queer to me, but I suppose it's like everything else, I will get used to it in time. I realize that so far as the climate is concerned the youngsters do not really need any clothing, and they seem as happy and unconcerned as any little kid all dolled up in fluffy ruffles back home.

On this short journey I also saw thousands of acres of land uncultivated that would feed a great population if farmed as intensely as in Japan. We traveled on a fine road,

finer than any road I ever saw in Kansas; but the road was about the only fine thing I saw. The people apparently do not live on their farms in this country. They are huddled up in little towns called "barrios," and merely go out to the farm to work. These barrios seem overcrowded; the houses are not inviting to a stranger fresh from the attractive country homes of America. The streets in these barrios are narrow and crowded with youngsters, chickens, pigs, dogs, carabaos, and I was constantly in fear that the automobile would run over somebody all the time we were traveling.

I try to realize that the country is all new to me, and that what seems so strange now will not appear that way after a time, but that first trip only a little way out of Manila made me think seriously. I know I am "green," but if the Philippines look like that so close to Manila, what must it be like out in the provinces or on some of the isolated islands? I have heard tales of the savage Moros and the Igorots of northern Luzon who eat dogs. I guess dog is as good as grasshoppers, but right now I don't fancy grasshoppers. am wondering what proportion of the people of the Philippines belong to these wild tribes. Also wondering how I should go about "organizing" that sort of "farmers" in case that should be part of my duties. These and many other questions I am asking myself right now with no satisfactory solution. It is of course because I am a stranger in a strange However, I am not too old to learn, and I will not attempt to cross very many bridges until I come to them. Any question that is too big a puzzle I can check up to my Filipino assistant, the Honorable Mr. Mercado. He ought In the meantime, I expect to learn a few things to know. myself.

I have noticed that my limited supply of Spanish language doesn't accomplish much. I wish I could speak it. I know

only a very little Spanish, and when I hear people conversing in that tongue, if I listen carefully for the course of half an hour I can usually understand one or two words they have said in all that time. They seemingly talk so fast I can't keep up with them, and it is soon all a jabber that sounds like good English that had been run through a sausage machine.

Mrs. Cretcher is away now on a tour of the southern islands in company with Dr. Waters and family and a party of government officials, and I am left to my own resources, and am having a great time trying to wear white clothes and smoke cigarettes. Everybody wears white except when on trips or in rainy weather. Then the costume is khaki suit of sack coat and English riding breeches, tan shoes, and leggings. I have eight suits of white and several suits of khaki for a starter. Both kinds of suits can be laundered, and it only costs six cents gold to have a coat and pair of trousers washed and ironed. I have as much trouble trying to keep a white suit clean as I do in learning to smoke cigarettes. I don't think much of a cigarette, but over here nearly everybody smokes them, and yet roast those who chew the "weed." Well, I will soon be out in the provinces. The Bible says Saint John got along on locusts and wild honey, so I ought to be able to get along some way. In the meantime, rest assured we are having a fine time; and, joking aside, the work ahead of me is a really big task that is worth while, and I am going into it with all the energy and determination I possess. In case I do not make good, I am familiar with the road that leads back home.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE PROVINCES.

Manila, Sept. 4, 1914.

I have now been in the Philippines nearly three months. It has been just about two months since I started on my first journey out in the provinces. In that time I have been going some. I have visited twenty provinces, and to do so have traveled from Pangasinan and Nueva Ecija on the north, through every province in Luzon clear down to Ambos Camarines, Albay and Sorsogon. I have been to far-away Puerto Princesa on the island of Palawan, where they receive mail once in twenty-four days if they are lucky. I have been all around the island of Mindoro, and visited the islands of Panay, Negros, Cebu, Romblon and many others.

And the experiences have been many and varied. I have traveled by rail several hundred miles, also by good steamers and bad, by bancas with outriggers and without. Have traveled on horseback and in carts. I understand there is one airship over here. I may tackle that next. And I have seen the Filipino at pretty close range; and although all the old-timers over here loudly proclaim that no man ought to have even a faint flicker of intelligence about local "conditions" until he has been here at least ten years, take it from me, I don't care to wait that long to tell the little I have seen. For after that length of residence here they sometimes begin to give the man their pity and say the poor fellow has "missed too many boats for home."

First of all, the Filipinos are hospitable. They can't do too much for you in the way of entertainment. They will



THE MANILA HOTEL SAID TO BE THE FINEST HOTEL IN THE ORIENT



THE LUNETA
POPULAR PARK WHERE THE BAND PLAYS EVERY EVENING



give you a big dinner of twelve to sixteen courses even if they have to live on fish and rice for two weeks afterward; and a good many of them don't need to do that, as they are pretty well fixed. They will readily give up their bed to a guest and sleep on the floor. Usually when I have been invited into a Filipino home, the owner bows and motions to the steps leading up to his home, saying to me: "Your house, Mr. Cretcher," and he tries to carry out that idea, and when thanked for his hospitality asks you to show your appreciation by coming back again.

And they are very courteous, and quick with a retort. In one province I was the guest of the Governor, a very bright young man, only about twenty-five years of age. I thought to compliment him, and spoke of the bright future of a young man who could land the job of Governor of a province while so young, and I suggested that in time he might be President of the Philippine Republic, and that I might be back home in the United States at that time, yet I hoped he would send me a cablegram announcing his election. He listened very carefully until I had finished, then said very promptly:

"There will be no need to send a cablegram to you, sir. If your surmise is true and we have a Philippine Republic, you will certainly be right here serving as Ambassador from the United States."

You can't head them off on compliments, because you can't beat a man at his own game.

I have seen thousands of acres of rice over here. It is all planted by hand, not raised in big fields like they do down in Louisiana. Rice is started in a seed bed, then they pull it up, carry it to the field and transplant it by jabbing it down in the soft mud. It must be back-breaking work tramping around in mud and water knee deep all day long,

jabbing young rice stalks into the mud. Imagine a Kansas farmer putting in wheat a stalk at a time! But this part of the job is the women's work, and to make it more interesting and at the same time to see that they work with more spirit, the proprietor often hires one or two musicians to sit up on the rice embankment and thump a guitar, always some lively air. Jabbing in rice to ragtime music is at least more profitable than the tango and turkey trot stunts of our women back home. There is room for them out here if they would like to try it.

But really it is a frightful job for a woman. In mud and water up to their knees, and higher, wallowing around all day long. I don't see how they stand it. But hubby, who drives the carabao and gets the field all into a nice mud puddle ready for the planting, then takes his time off. I have seen more than one of them sitting in the nipa shack smoking the inevitable cigarette and taking care of baby while the wife took her place in the field. The Kansas women haven't made much progress yet in merely getting the ballot. They are still away behind this country. Here the women are the equal of the men in nearly every way. The Chinese women even wear pants, nice green, blue and black pants that come down to their shoe tops.

Over at Balanga, province of Bataan, across the bay from Manila, we landed from the steamer one morning quite early. The boat can't get close to shore, and a banca or native boat comes out to take passengers ashore. It is a frail affair, and by the time we pushed away from the steamer we had a miscellaneous cargo, including dogs, chickens, fish, and a few other things besides the people. Natives poked long poles to the bottom and pushed our craft toward the shore. In landing it was necessary to climb on a native's shoulders and

be carried through the shallow water. It was my first experience of that sort, but it has often happened since then. I am always afraid my man will stumble and fall down with me, but I haven't had an accident yet. Coming back to the steamer the next day, our banca, loaded with fish, got stuck on a sandbar. We had to transfer to a lighter boat, and it got stuck, and all the while the sun was shining blistering hot on the water, but we finally reached the steamer.

Either the people over here do most everything backward, or else we do. Which is it? In playing checkers they insist that the double corner of the board should be on the left-hand side instead of the right. In dealing cards the dealer invariably deals to the right and on around the table. We deal to the left. Also the play rotates from right to left around the board. Our builders commence to erect a house by first building the foundation. The Filipinos always build the roof first. Here when teams or pedestrians pass, they turn to the left instead of the right. To lock a door you turn the key to the left, not right, and so on all along the line. It's awkward as can be sometimes, and I wonder how they come to do things exactly the opposite from our way.

And the railroads here in Luzon would certainly make you smile. Little coaches not half as large as ours. And the fuss they make in ringing bells, tooting horns and blowing whistles before they leave some little station! And the native peddlers at the car windows, especially those who peddle the boiled duck eggs with the young duck neatly folded up inside! That's one native delicacy I haven't had nerve to tackle yet. If I buy any refreshments from a native peddler it is usually some fruit like a banana that can be peeled to make sure it is clean. Drinking water is not the menace here that it once was. In many towns they have artesian

wells, the water flowing freely all the time, absolutely free from contamination. It is a great thing, and has lowered the death rate wonderfully.

At one town we stopped at the Governor's home, but took a local trip and went to the convent to stay while there. It was a great place, and the "padre" was as kind as he could be. It was a regular haven of refuge after some of the experiences we had encountered. Large, airy, cool rooms, good comfortable beds, and splendid meals, also bath and toilet. It is hard to realize just how good such a place seemed in a squalid provincial town when the rain was pounding down and no other refuge. There were cigars, cards, checkers, and big easy-chairs. The padre was a pretty fair checker player, and I had some good games with him while our enforced stay continued, while waiting for the steamer to take us back to Manila. There are few hotels in the provinces, many capitals having none at all. But I wouldn't care if I could always stop with such a hospitable priest.

There are priests and padres and friars galore in this country, largely a result of Latin rule for 300 years. Nearly every little town has a great stone church, often in ruins. I don't know much about the brands of religion, but am surprised at the numbers of kinds of it under the Catholic head. The monks or friars have numerous orders, the Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Recoletans, Paules, Bedas, Capuchinas, La Selles, and I don't know how many other varieties, all represented here, but not flourishing as in the old days. They have churches and convents in the most unheard of and out of the way places, not frail, nipa affairs, but great big structures of concrete or stone.

I haven't seen a Filipino under the influence of liquor since I arrived in the Islands. They seem inclined to leave that to the Americans, who manage to do a fair job at it.

As a race they do not take kindly to our indulgence in booze, which is a very fine thing for them. My friend, Mr. Mercado, once drank a cocktail and was quite alarmed over its effects, assuring me that he was afraid it might cause him to "lose his seriousness," as he expressed it. But the Filipino smokes. Even the kids puff away at cigarettes, and it is no uncommon sight to see a well-dressed Filipino woman walking along the streets, smoking a big black cigar. It's like a good many other things, it seems all right after you get used to it.

The cock fight is the national "sport" here. Every native has his pet rooster that he strokes and pets, and confidently expects will kill every other bird in the barrio, and make him a hatful of money thereby. Usually the biggest building in the barrio is the cockpit, and Sunday is the big day. It is a regular board of trade for gambling. The fight is not a fair fight with spurs. A sharp blade is fastened on the bird, and one good rip and it's all off with one or the other of the contestants. Athletic contests introduced by Americans are gradually gaining a foothold, to the detriment of the cock fighting, but only slowly. The Filipino thinks as much of his pet bird as a Mexican does of his hat, or a hunter of his shotgun, or a Kentuckian of his "hoss," and he is slow in giving up his favorite pastime.

One night a train out of Manila hit a carabao that happened to be on the track. It knocked the engine off the rails and caused quite a commotion. We were on another train that was coming in to Manila, and of course couldn't get past the wreck. After fooling around for nearly an hour it was decided to have the passengers exchange trains and they would haul the wrecked train back to Manila and send our train on the back track with outgoing passengers. It meant a transfer of nearly a quarter of a mile on a slippery

embankment, and it was quite dark. When Mr. Mercado's muchacho learned that we had to change he said "dam" in fairly good English, and was almost justified in view of the fact that the luggage of our party consisted of five suitcases, a handbag, a typewriter, a box of supplies, three raincoats, umbrellas, and a few other articles.

My Spanish is improving. The other day in a barber shop I had quite a conversation with a barber. As he tucked the apron under my chin he said something in Spanish that sounded to me like "It is pretty warm today." As it was really quite warm, I jumped at the conclusion that he said that, and in my very best Spanish I replied, "Yes, sir." Come to find out he was not talking to me at all, but had merely told the porter to bring him some hot water. All of which shows that the learning of Spanish is a slow process, likewise that it pays to keep your mouth shut until you know what you are talking about. However, I am learning a good many things as I journey along, but not very much Spanish, although I hear it often.

One day down in Tayabas I had the opportunity to attend a Filipino funeral. I did not go merely out of curiosity, but the sights were very interesting. The deceased was a very prominent man, father of the ex-Governor of the province, I believe. There was a brass band in the funeral parade, besides an orchestra consisting of seven violins, a cornet, slide trombone, piccolo, and a drum. I marched right behind the orchestra, and as they played the same tune over and over again I became quite familiar with it while marching out to the cemetery. The women who attended the funeral were all dressed in black. When the procession left the house of mourning it was halted, wailing mourners and all, for fully ten minutes while a photographer fooled around making a picture of the crowd. There was no hearse. Pallbearers

carried the casket clear out to the hillside cemetery. The road was very pretty, winding through graceful cocoanut groves up the mountain side, and in a cocoanut grove rich in flowers and ferns, the deceased was laid to rest beside his fathers.

My work of organizing agricultural societies takes me into some strange and historic places. Over at Cavite, across the bay, the old hulks of the Spanish ships that Dewey pounded to pieces can still be seen. Cavite is also the home of Aguinaldo. He is a big farmer there, and could have had the Presidency of the provincial agricultural society we organized there, but declined it. I guess his experience in trying to hold down one "Presidency" was enough for him. least he is taking no active part in political affairs in the Philippines now, but is just a big farmer giving all his attention to peaceful business and making money, so I am However, Baldomero Aguinaldo, a cousin of the ex-President, was made President of our agricultural society, and Emilio Aguinaldo was elected a member of the Insular Rice Council, which position he consented to accept. He is leading a very quiet life compared with the stormy times he has had in time past.

There is some wonderfully fine timber in the Islands, hard woods, that make excellent furniture. One of the prettiest and most common woods is the nara, especially the red nara. It takes on a polish that is beautiful. Down at Iwahig, the penal colony on the island of Palawan, I saw a section of a tree cut near the base. It was circular, the entire diameter of the tree, and probably a foot in thickness. I stood beside it and it was fully six inches higher than my head, and I could not reach across it the other way by extending my arms to the limit. What a table top that section of a tree would make, a circular top nearly seven feet in diameter of the tree would make, a circular top nearly seven feet in diameter of the tree would make, a circular top nearly seven feet in diameter of the tree would make, a circular top nearly seven feet in diameter of the tree would make, a circular top nearly seven feet in diameter of the tree would make the tree would would be tree would make the tree would make the tree would would be tree would be tree would would be tree would would be tree would be

eter, all one solid piece of red nara, capable of taking a polish like a looking-glass. I would like to have that chunk of wood back home.

Taal volcano is another interesting place I visited not an old wornout volcano, although it has blown its head off until it is not much of a mountain any more. active no longer ago than 1912, when it killed 1,400 people. It didn't show any signs of activity when I was there or I wouldn't have visited it. I don't care much for volcanoes It stands out in the middle of a lake, a low, in eruption. barren mound, but when it acted up the last time the flames could be plainly seen in Manila nearly a hundred miles away, and it deposited ashes four inches deep away over at Santa The town of Taal is reached by automobile in a beautiful drive from Batangas. We climbed the old church tower at Taal and had a good view of the lake and volcano. as close as I cared to get to the thing. I'm not strong for this volcano business anyway.

These islands are only a speck on the map, but in sailing around them and in traveling over them their magnitude increases wonderfully. It is over one thousand miles from the Batanes on the north to the Sulu group on the south. islands are scattered everywhere, and in sailing from port to port you are seldom out of sight of land somewhere, as the islands are all mountainous and are visible for a long dis-At close range the islands are beautiful, clad in green verdure to the mountain tops. The shore is usually bordered with a strip of white coral sand, fringed with graceful, slender cocoanut, rice and sugar plantations gradually rising to the green mountains. Sailing along over a smooth sea, the sight On a rough sea you somehow lose interest in is beautiful. the beauties of nature. I have had both experiences.

I attended a native ball given in my honor at Dumaguete

The great Filipino dance is the rigodon, a stately dance not exactly like the Virginia reel, but on that order. They also waltz and two-step, but few of them do the tango or the turkey trot, but Americans are showing them how, and as they are apt scholars it will not be long before they will desert the stately rigodon and will learn to "wiggle" like white folks.

Another thing I have learned. That is, not to talk to the Filipino who is driving the automobile. He talks too much with his hands. When the driver one day took both hands off the wheel to more forcibly illustrate his talk, I concluded it would be better to cut out the conversation after that. No Filipino or Spaniard can talk without waving his arms and humping his shoulders, and it's rather awkward when a driver acts up that way going forty miles an hour.

Down at Naga, Ambos Camarines, we stopped with the Governor. One of the Governor's guests while we were there, a big, fat, black, bald Filipino, who admitted that he was fond of booze (a rare specimen in this country), was one of the best singers I ever heard in my life. He had a splendid voice, clear as a bell, and he didn't sing little native chants nor American "Blue Bell" stuff, but regular high brow music. Where he learned it I do not know, but it was a pleasure to listen to him. He admitted himself that if he hadn't drunk so much booze and lost two or three front teeth he would have been quite a singer. He was anyway. He sang song after song, the Governor accompanying him on a guitar. I called him the "Caruso of the Camarines," and it tickled him nearly to death. He knew of Caruso and all the other big warblers.

It was here that I also met another Waterloo. We had to wait a full day for transportation back to Albay, and time hung heavily on my hands, as all the conversation was in Spanish or Bicol, in which I could not take part. In my room hung an old violin. It was all out of tune, and I got to fooling with it just to amuse myself. The Governor assured me through an interpreter that nobody in the house could play the instrument, so I sawed off two or three squeaky tunes by main strength and awkwardness, which is the only way I know how. The Governor seemed greatly pleased and volunteered to accompany me on the guitar, as a further inducement for me to make a monkey of myself, and I fell for it. When I was tired of wrestling with the violin the Governor took it and at the first stroke of the bow I knew I was up against it, and felt like falling out of the window. It didn't sound like the same violin. He played beautifully, and again I readjusted my viewpoint of the Filipino. He can lie as gracefully as any white man.

And that evening we went over to another home and listened to a Filipino lady sing operatic music. Her young daughter played the difficult accompaniment on the piano. It was a fine home, and while the lady sang I could close my eyes, lean back in the comfortable chair and imagine myself back in any well-to-do home in America. But the eyes had to be closed or the illusion vanished. A lizard on the wall scooted along and barked playfully at the four or five other lizards which were scattered over the walls and ceiling. When I put on my hat and nearly fell down the steep steps to the street below, stumbled over a pig on the front door step and fought off the dogs down the dark narrow street leading to the main street where the coal oil lamps shed a sickly gleam in the intense tropic darkness, and gradually wended my way back to the Governor's "mansion," the illusion had vanished. I wasn't back in Kansas. I felt sure about that.

This is but a wandering jumble of varied impressions

given offhand as they come to mind. They have no sequence, and as the old populist said about the railroad, they "have no termini at airy end," so I can stop without in any way spoiling the trend of the story. There are bushels more of the same sort of dope. I am as full of "impressions" as a dog is of fleas. The town of Manila now has the greatest flood in her history. Fully three-fourths of the city is under water at present writing, and it's still raining. With this condition back in Kansas, we would feel sure that the corn crop was saved. Out here all this water is a regular nuisance and is going to waste. "There ought to be a law agin it."

CHAPTER IX.

PAGSANJAN GORGE.

Manila, November 29, 1914.

The environs of Manila offer some of the finest trips by automobile, launch or rail to be found in the Far East, so experienced travelers tell me. Some of the places easily reached even by motor cars are Antipolo, Montalban Gorge, Los Baños, Fort McKinley, Ruins of Guadalupe, Sibul Springs, Atimonan, Taal volcano, Baguio, and Pagsanjan Gorge and rapids. The trip to the latter place, especially the journey through Pagsanjan Gorge in a native canoe called a banca, is a delightful, picturesque, and exciting trip.

The town of Pagsanjan is only about four hours from Manila by rail. It can also be reached by boat. It is the starting place for the trip up the river through the rapids to the falls. Last Saturday a party of fourteen of us, including Mr. and Mrs. Smolt, relatives of Dr. Smolt, of Newton, arranged a little outing that is typical of the many pleasant ones we are having over here. I will tell you about it. We leased a little steam launch in which we made the trip from Manila to Pagsanjan. The launch was big enough to accommodate our entire party easily. We had plenty of "chow" on board and an ice box for the pop, ginger ale, etc. (The "etc." represents the part eliminated by the censor.)

We left late in the afternoon and steamed up the winding Pasig River and thoroughly enjoyed the shifting scene, then out onto Laguna de Bay (Lake of the bay), then headed directly across the bay for Pagsanjan. Laguna de Bay is a big body of shallow water connected with Manila Bay by the Pasig River, and was probably at one time a part of Manila Bay. It was dark soon after we got out onto the bay. The water was quiet, and when the moon rose the scene was beautiful, as the moon was full, and there is nothing quite so pretty as a full moon in the Tropics. The brilliant moonlight touched every little wave with gold and outlined the mountains in a faint yellow glow. The women grouped up on the bow and sang songs, and the men, as is their custom, sat back amidship and smoked and told stories. Talk about a "joy ride" in an auto; it isn't in it with a launch on a lake on a pretty night in the Tropics.

We reached Pagsanjan about midnight, making about six hours steady run from Manila. Hotel accommodations in the little town were limited, so the women were all safely housed at the hotel and the men slept on the boat, or at least tried to sleep. (This part of the outing wasn't very funny.) The mosquitos bit like blazes, and there was a shower during the night, which didn't add anything to the comfort of the party on the boat. I had a cheap cotton quilt for covering, and the rain started the colors of the cloth. By morning I was all the colors of the rainbow, big blotches of red and blue. I remember my neck was a particularly brilliant red, while my chin was navy blue. Some of the other fellows were in the same fix, so that we resembled a bunch of Indians in full war paint. The women came back to the boat and we had a good meal on board, then went ashore and "took in the town." It is a rather pretty little place. When we got back to the launch it was surrounded by bancas, the paddlers anxious to take us up the river through the rapids to the big falls. It was a great trip. Only one passenger is allowed in each banca, in which are two natives, one at each end with a paddle. They are expert oarsmen or we would never have been able to go up the

rapids. We made quite a procession as we started out up the broad, quiet river, the canoes strung out in a long line. But soon the river became narrower and the waters swifter, and then the excitement began. Those native paddlers actually shot the canoes up rapids you would have declared a boat could not possibly have gone. Finally the rush of water was too great, and at certain places the boatmen would get out into the swirling flood nearly waist deep and haul the bancas around the worst places by keeping in close to the shore, one pushing, the other pulling. At one place each passenger had to leave his canoe and clamber across a cleft in the rocks, in which a native assisted by making a bridge out of himself by bracing himself against the walls and permitting the passengers to step on his bare back. He sagged down when my turn came to step on him, but held fast.

It was a fight nearly all the way up to the falls, a full hour and a half of excitement. Such scenery as there is in Pagsanjan Gorge I never saw before. Perpendicular walls probably 500 feet high on either side, draped with fantastic festoons of beautiful tropic vegetation, little waterfalls shooting straight down from the very top. In some places these little streams tumbled down to the river, starting like a rope hanging down the side, then breaking into huge drops, and these in turn becoming mist before they reached the river. It is hard to describe it. The word beautiful is inadequate. I would have enjoyed it more full if I hadn't used so much of my time watching the boatmen, expecting every minute that we would upset.

After a rest at the big falls, beyond which one cannot go during the rainy season, we started back down, and believe me, that's when really traveled. No pushing around the rapids now, but right out in mid stream, and as the Virginian told the tenderfoot in Owen Wister's book, I was just

between "Oh Lord" and "Thank God" until we got down to the level, quiet water, which didn't take long, but was full of thrills while it lasted. If a wave of water laps over and dumps as much as a couple of bucketfuls right in your lap there is nothing to do but sputter and try to look pleasant, for you are sitting flat in the bottom of the frail banca, and fussing around would probably mean a plunge out among the rocks and rapids. I preferred to sit tight as I knew how. I learned after I made the trip that the proper costume is a bathing suit, but nobody thought to tell us about it in advance. One banca in our party upset and spilled a lady out and scared her badly. The water was deep where the accident occurred, and she was whirled over next to the steep canyon wall, at which she clutched many times in vain, but the other boatmen soon had another banca alongside and hauled her in, badly scared and well drenched, but otherwise little the worse for the experience.

We all got back to the launch safely, had another big feed, then steamed down the river and out into the bay, homeward bound. The changing, green, cloud-crowned mountains were beautiful, and as evening came on and the sun sank, the clouds took on their gorgeous tints, shading and blending all the colors of the rainbow, then came the quick, inky darkness that comes apparently all at once. Soon the red light glared at the entrance to the Pasig River, and we steamed in past Fort McKinley and on down to Manila with her myriad twinkling lights, back to our home at the Delmonico Hotel in the Walled City by 8:30 in the evening.

And that whole twenty-four-hour run of the launch, Manila to Pagsanjan and return, including ice, pop, etc., cost us only \$1.25 for each member of the party. It costs \$1.50 each for the banca ride up the river, and it is well worth it;

but that steamer ride was the cheapest trip I ever heard tell of. There are many interesting little side trips out from Manila, but the trip to Pagsanjan Gorge by way of the Pasig River and Laguna de Bay is one of the most beautiful that we have made as yet.

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Manila, December 30, 1914.

Old 1914 is about ready for the discard, and if I am to get another letter off this year I must get busy. This is Christmas week, a great holiday or "fiesta" time, especially in the Philippines where there is a holiday upon every possible pretext. One of the novel and pretty sights here this week is the big electric Christmas tree on the Luneta, the popular public park. This tree was erected by the electric light company as its contribution to the week's festivities. A big pole nearly fifty feet high was implanted in the park, then huge branches of bamboo were fastened to this pole until it resembled a great feathery tree. Then the whole tree was decorated with thousands of little electric bulbs of all colors, red, blue, green, yellow and white. When darkness came each night and the electric current was turned on, the big, sparkling tree appeared wonderfully beautiful. It was lighted up every night during Christmas week, and was admired by thousands.

Yesterday was Rizal day in the Philippines. Ever hear of Rizal? Probably not. Well, he is the George Washington of the Philippines, and their popular hero. Dr. Jose Rizal was a doctor, student, traveler, author and patriot. He became rather too much of a patriot during Spanish times, and as a result he was taken out to the Luneta and shot, thereby becoming a martyr to the cause of freedom. A handsome monument now marks the spot on the Luneta where the execution took place, and Rizal's memory is cher-

ished. Result: Rizal cigarettes, Rizal cigars, Rizal beer, Rizal soap, and Rizal brands of most everything else designed for Philippine consumption. There is hardly a home in the Philippines so humble that it does not contain a picture of the great patriot. The big parade this week in honor of Rizal was reviewed by the Governor-General. There were probably 10,000 people in the line of march, at least thirty brass bands, scores of handsomely decorated floats, carriages and autos. There was a profusion of flags, much speechmaking, and a regular old "Fourth of July" of a time in the middle of Christmas weeks.

The climate is ideal now, but in no way resembles the Christmas season at home. Flowers are in full bloom, birds are singing, everything is fresh, green and bright, warm pleasant days and cool nights. It is all that could be well desired in the way of a pleasant place to live at this season of the year. The Philippines may aptly be termed a land where the days are always warm but seldom hot, and where the nights are always cool but never cold. It is the sameness of temperature that is so remarkable. To a Kansan with a system adjusted to sudden changes of from thirty to fifty degrees of temperature, this steady, mild climate seems all but impossible, yet is true. There is a variation of about twenty degrees between maximum and minimum. The daily reports show that the highest temperature seldom goes above 88 degrees, and at night seldom goes below 68 to 70 degrees. but usually there is a nice breeze at night. And this record goes on day after day, never hot, never cold, just warm. Of course we are now having our "winter" weather, and at night the thermometer has registered as low as 65 degrees, but that is the coldest weather we have experienced since our arrival.

And a word about the wind. I just can't get used to it.

The wind here is the balmiest, fluffiest, feathery breeze I ever felt. It gets gusty enough when a typhoon is near, but even then it doesn't take hold of you and slam you around like a good old Kansas "zephyr." More than that, there is no sand in this tropic breeze, at least not during the rainy season. I am used to a whacking old wind filled with plenty of sand and occasionally a little gravel, so this puffy, fluffy, moisture-laden tropic wind isn't at all satisfying. I take my lungs full of it and don't seem to have anything. It isn't satisfying, and yet there seems to be enough of it. The first gale I ventured out in broke two of the ribs of my umbrella the moment I hoisted it, and then turned it wrongside out. But there is something wrong with this wind. I guess t's the lack of the sand.

One queer thing about the Islands is the lack of flies. There are a few mosquitos, mostly little sneaking black fellows that nip you and get away, but there are practically no pests of flies like we have during the summer season at home. I can't see why. The weather is warm the year round. To say the least, sanitary conditions are no better here than in the average Amercian community, yet there are no great swarms of flies. A few flies are buzzing around now, and there are a few all the year round, fully enough of them to start a big crop, but somehow they do not flourish anywhere I have been in the Islands, and it is a fine thing that they do not. Some say it is because the ants are so numerous that they eat nearly all the eggs of the fly. There may be something in that theory. There are enough ants here to do the job, no question about that. People say they can spot a tenderfoot in this country right away because he always tries to pick the ants out of his soup.

When I first came over here, everything was so new and strange that when I started in to write I never knew when to stop. After being here several months one learns to accept things as they are, and they cease to be odd. At first it seemed strange to see nearly all the draying and heavy transfer work of Manila done in two-wheeled carts drawn by carabaos, the native water buffalos, which are the main dependence for work animals. Now the sight has grown so usual that when I see a two-horse team and wagon (usually an army outfit) I stop and take a second look at it because the sight is odd and unusual.

I don't know what the Filipinos would do without the carabaos. They are big, patient, slow-traveling beasts with monstrous horns. They have more intelligence than you would give them credit for at first sight. Their slow gait suits the Filipino all right, for nobody ever gets in a very great hurry over here. The other day I saw a big cart load of merchandise drawn by a carabao. The Filipino driver was sitting up on top of the big load of boxes, sound asleep. That old carabao was threading its way down the busy thoroughfare past carts, motor cars, street cars, and street rigs, as carefully as though the driver had been awake. I don't know how long the driver slept, but I presume he continued his "siesta" until the carabao backed the cart up to the proper warehouse and then kicked the cart until the driver Of course that's only supposition; but the driver was perched up there sound asleep the last time I saw him.

They guide the carabao by a ring in the animal's nose to which a rope is attached that extends back to the driver. A wooden yoke over the carabao's neck serves in place of a collar. Carabaos are usually quite gentle when handled by a Filipino. Even little Filipino youngsters handle the big brutes with ease; but carabaos don't like a white man. I had been told this before, but I found it out on my own account one day recently while out snipe_shooting with

Harry Campbell, a former Wichita boy. We crossed a fence into a field in which there was a carabao. Campbell was in the lead. The animal stuck out its neck, elevated its nose and didn't act just right to me, so I thought I would wait and see what happened. I didn't have long to wait, for he charged at once, and ran Campbell out of the field and into the rice paddies. A carabao doesn't like a white man, and he is not a slow mover, except from choice. I found out that much that one morning.

This is certainly a wonderful country for good roads. The Americans will at least leave a lasting monument to their occupation of these Islands in the splendid highways built here during the last few years. Where there are any roads at all they are good roads. It's good roads or nothing, especially in the rainy season. Automobiles do not stop for rain in this country. The roads are of rock base with gravel surface. The water runs off quickly and cars go right ahead, rain or shine, and during a part of the rainy season there's fully as much rain as shine. Good roads are not confined to There are good roads in nearly all of the island of Luzon. the islands. Down on the island of Panay, from Iloilo to Capiz, is one of the prettiest roads I have seen. It stretches across the country like a winding ribbon, its sides bordered with brilliant, close-cropped redtop, which joins the dark green grass or rice fields along the way.

I haven't traveled much during the past three months. I have spent most of my time in my office in the Bureau of Agriculture, carrying on the work of municipal organization and other duties as superintendent, by correspondence. My first work of organizing agricultural societies commenced in July. Since that time the organization has grown from nothing up to a total of twenty-two provincial agricultural societies, and 200 municipal societies, with a total member-

ship of over 15,000 farmers, extending over the greater part of the Islands, which to me seems like a fair record at organization for a stranger in a strange land, who didn't understand the language, manners, or thought of the people with whom he labored. Every week my office compiles a list of market quotations of leading farm products, such as hemp, copra, rice, sugar, tobacco, etc., and we mail this as a market report to all of our societies, thus keeping them in touch with Manila prices. This might not seem much of a service to the Kansas farmer who gets his market quotations in his daily paper every morning; but Kansas isn't the Philippines, not by a long way. The isolated farmers in the faraway provinces and islands await my weekly market letter with much interest, and say that it is a big help. Beginning the first of the year I expect to publish a practical farm paper, which will be sent to all members of the society.

It is pleasing to note the manner in which the government here meets conditions as they arise. The war caused a sharp advance in the price of all food products. Shrewd firms saw a chance to still further advance prices and take corresponding profits, but they didn't get very far with it. The Governor-General and Vice-Governor Martin at once got busy and gave out the information that if any attempt was made to corner the market on rice, flour, milk, and other necessities, the whole resources of the government would be brought into play in order to check it. The army also had a big lot of supplies on hand. These could also have been placed on the market at fair and reasonable prices in a crisis. The government threatened to go into the open market and buy necessities in the food line and sell them at cost, rather than see the people robbed. This had the desired effect. Prices advanced, as was naturally to be expected, but they didn't soar. There was no corner, no holdup,

thanks to the prompt and firm stand taken by the government.

Well, here's the season's greetings to all at the old home. Christmas is always a happy time, and we miss the home associations very much indeed. I like the climate, but I long for a good frosty day in the duck blinds out on the Arkansas River, and I wouldn't mind feeling a black bass or a channel-cat pull on the line, and I would give half a month's salary just to ride on the interurban from Newton down through Sedgwick to Wichita. But you can't have your cake and eat it too, so I will have to stick here until I get either tired or fired, and as neither has happened yet I am still on the job, feeling fine and am "just as happy as a big sunflower," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SLOGAN CONTEST.

Manila, June 10, 1915.

There has been a regular "tempest in a teapot" here in Manila of late. It all came about on account of the slogan contest, and may be worth the telling, just to show the way they do things over here. To begin with, one of the big moving-picture corporations of the United States that recently established a branch office in Manila, through its local manager submitted to the city of Manila the proposition that if Manila would furnish some appropriate slogan for Manila or the Philippine Islands, said company would run the slogan on all its films free of cost, thus advertising Manila in every play-house using this company's films. It looked like a pretty good offer, didn't cost anything, and Manila jumped at the chance.

In order to secure a good, catchy slogan, one that would be of real benefit to the town and secure all the results possible from this generous offer, a slogan contest was arranged. The Manila Ad. Club promptly subscribed twenty-five pesos toward a prize, and later the various business organizations of the city backed the enterprise, selected a committee with authority to make all the necessary arrangements. This committee offered a cash prize of one hundred pesos for the winning slogan, and the representative of the picture company added a year's pass to a local theater as a further inducement. The local newspapers were designated to give the contest all possible publicity and to receive all slogans, and eventually to pick the winner.

The contest excited much interest, as is shown from the fact that nearly 10,000 slogans were submitted to the committee, and their task of naming the winning slogan was no easy matter. There were seven judges, representatives of the leading Manila newspapers and commercial organizations. This committee held several sessions, and finally each judge presented a list of twenty-five from the entire lot, and it was from this list of 175 that the final selection was made behind closed doors at the final session. By a process of elimination these were reduced to six. On these six the committee took a final and deciding ballot, and my slogan, "Manila-Where Nothing Knocks but Opportunity," was awarded the prize by a close margin. The name of the winner was not known until after the selection had been made, when the name was drawn from a sealed envelope corresponding by number with the one which contained the slogan, so it was fair enough.

For a time I felt pretty good over having won the hundred pesos and the year's pass to one of the leading theaters. The leading papers ran the slogan in big type across front page. The very first day one firm had 5,000 envelopes printed, bearing the slogan in attractive letters, and everybody boosted. The Manila *Evening Times* published the following, editorially:

THE SLOGAN AND THE AUTHOR.

"Kansas conquers! It is part of the eternal fitness of things that Mack Cretcher, the man Vice-Governor Martin brought over here to organize agricultural coöperative societies, should have been awarded first prize in the contest for the production of a slogan to be flashed on every screen in the United States which shows a Universal film. As thus: The elongated but unperturbed Mack, since his arrival, has been pounded to a pulp. In verses, in paragraphs, in news stories, in cartoons, and even in editorials, he has been

whipped to a syllabub, beaten to a frazzle, slashed to ribbons, and walloped to a fare-ye-well. The noise of it has made the Anvil Chorus sound like a mother's lullaby. The dust of it has obscured the sun. And now Mack comes back. He wins the hundred-peso prize with a slogan; and how do you think the slogan runs? This way:

"' Manila-Where Nothing Knocks but Opportunity."

"Nothing knocks! Do you get that? Isn't that a comeback for your life? On how many heads are the coals of fire warmly reposing? If Mack had written: "Manila—where everybody knocks when opportunity arises," there could have been no objection, having regard to his experience. But Mack, it would appear, has equipoise as well as avoirdupois. His way is the better way."

Other papers boosted as freely, and things moved along fine for a few days, but only for a few days. Then a change came over the spirit of Manila's dreams, and the anvil chorus, running true to form, tuned up. Of course where there are thousands of contestants and only one winner there is liable to be some disappointment. Some of the losers were not good losers, and soon the knockers were in full swing. The slogan was an abomination; it would not bring the results expected; the idea was stolen bodily, therefore a second-hand slogan at best; it was too short; too long; it was slang; it was rotten; and besides that the darned thing wasn't any good anyway. That was the burden of the song of the disappointed, but I sat tight and said nothing while the storm pelted. Only one voice was raised in my behalf during this time. Mr. Norbert Lyons, associate editor of the Daily Bulletin, whose slogan received only one less vote than mine, came out with a gentlemanly statement in which he declared that the attacks were unjust and unfair. used to being knocked, and criticism didn't bother me at all, until the representative of the film company who started

the contest, and who was one of the judges but failed to be present when the prize was awarded, came out in a signed article in the *Times*, in which he intimated that the slogan might not do all that was expected of it, and if such was the case it might be better to hold another contest. That got my Irish up a little, and I immediately returned his annual pass, with the following note:

"Enclosed herewith is the pass to the Empire Theater issued to me as winner of the slogan contest. It has been in my possession only twenty-four hours, and in view of your statement in last night's *Times*, I am returning it to you unused.

"When you succeed in finding some one who can condense a history of Manila and the Philippine Islands into a six-word slogan that will bring millions to Manila, kindly turn the pass over to him with my compliments."

I also publicly offered to return the cash prize if the business associations desired to put on a new contest, and promised to submit another slogan more appropriate, "Manila—Where They Knock at Every Opportunity." That seemed to hold them for a while. I didn't select the slogan. The judges did that. I had about twenty other slogans in the contest, many of which I thought were at least as appropriate as the one the judges decided upon. The picture man apologized and sent the pass back, and told me to do whatever I pleased with it. I had lost interest in it, and in the whole unpleasant contest business in fact, so I donated the pass to the orphans of the American Mestizo Protective Association. Commenting upon this action, the Cablenews-American, a morning daily, published the following:

"Magnanimous Mack Cretcher, modest man of destiny, the Grand Old Man of Kansas, and who now seems ordained to place the Philippines in the limelight of world-wide publicity, through the medium of his much-slugged slogan, is again to the forefront with an offer which will confound his critics and make more manifest to his growing circle of admirers the large-heartedness and sincere self-effacement of

this silvery slogan slinger.

"To show that his heart is in the right place, this subtle superintendent of coöperative organizations (who has made manifest his talent and inclination to coöperate with boost organizations) has delivered to the American Mestizo Protective Association the annual Empire Theater pass, through its representative, J. W. Shearer, with instructions to make the best possible use of it. The organization is now devising ways and means to turn the much coveted pass into ready money for the benefit of the homeless waifs now in charge of that benevolent organization."

The pass was eventually raffled off, and the proceeds amounted to over one hundred pesos for the orphans. the knockers quieted down, all but one or two. One of these started the story that the Universal Company had never consented to run a slogan on their films, and that it was all a smooth advertising dodge on the part of their representative. This brought forth a prompt denial from the representative of the company, who was then at Singapore. And eventually pictures arrived in Manila bearing the slogan. The first film to show the slogan in Manila was a Universal production, "Mrs. Plum's Pudding," and I had curiosity enough left at that time to induce me to go to the Empire to see that show. Possibly you have seen this slogan in some of the picture houses at home, but I doubt if many there realized what a senseless little fuss the thing started over here. And it really was a senseless affair all around, of no importance, a "tempest in a teapot" as I said at the start. I merely write of it to show you how they do things over here. Good, bad, or indifferent, few escape the gaff of public criticism, and I guess it's just as well. People who flinch at criticism will never get very far, but it isn't always pleasant. I don't know whether the slogan was good or bad. I have never made any defense of it. I merely submitted it and it was accepted. I know that it has been seen back home, for the Manila Merchants Association has received letters about it. Here is one they published which was written by the Immigration, Advertising and Development Company, of Pryor, Oklahoma:

"This slogan strikes us as being a forcible one, and among the best we have ever heard. We pride ourselves with trying to think out good things, but this has us skinned in every direction."

Quite a contrast to some of the comment here in Manila! I don't pretend to know anything about the slogan's merits, and care less. I have been branded as everything from a worldbeater to a horsethief for writing that slogan; but that's Manila, a mighty good town with all her faults. I can't help liking the place, even if it is necessary to fight once in a while to hold your own. I'm part Irish anyway.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Manila, July 30, 1915.

Well, we have been through an earthquake since writing vou last. Wonder what next? It was only a nice little well-behaved earthquake, but it was the first one I ever met, and I didn't exactly know how to act. It came one morning just before breakfast, and came without any introduction, either. I had just emerged from a shower bath and was getting into my B. V. D. unions, when the walls of our room began to weave around, and I though I was certainly dizzy-headed. Mrs. C., who was still in bed, commenced to yell, and declared that the bed was hopping around the room like a Texas pony. I heard the wall behind me crack like walls do in intense cold weather. The electric light bulb suspended from the ceiling was swinging violently, and it finally dawned on me that we were experiencing an earthquake.

It was all over in less time than it takes to write about it, but even at that it seemed quite long. The earth does not tremble in little, quick vibrations, such as occur when the rumble of a railroad train makes the windows rattle. The ground actually moves in waves, and houses and everything else on the earth's surface sway accordingly. The sensation of seeing solid walls sway back and forth when they are supposed to be solid and immovable, is decidedly unpleasant, and it gives the impression that the world is coming to an end. The feeling I had was that of extreme dizziness, closely akin to seasickness, but it was all over as soon as the earth settled down and quit bucking.

This earthquake did no particular damage. They say such experiences are quite common over here. This was the first one I have recognized, however. The Weather Bureau reports that several earthquakes have been registered in the Islands recently, possibly twelve or fourteen during the past month, no doubt small affairs that passed unnoticed. This one I write of was big enough to make itself felt all right. Things rocked so in the dining-room of the Delmonico Hotel, where we are now living, that many ladies who were eating breakfast, got up and left the tables. Taal volcano is only about sixty miles away, and this quake no doubt originated in some internal disorder in old Taal, probably gall stones or something of the sort. The government ought to send for Dr. Axtell and have him come over and remove 'em.

We had a big time here the Fourth of July, or rather the fifth, this year. Wherever Americans are located, no matter how far from home, their patriotism is sure to bubble over on the "Glorious Fourth," resulting in a celebration. A fund of over \$2,000 was raised in Manila by popular subscription for a celebration, and we had a good one. At night there was a splendid display of fireworks, about as fine as I ever saw, and all made right here in Manila, too. A big Chinese firm made the fireworks to order. We viewed the display from the top of the old city wall near the Aquarium. The sea of faces of the crowd down in the sunken gardens and on out across the Luneta and the Wallace field was almost as great a sight as the fireworks. There were thousands and thousands of people out to see the brilliant display. beauty of the fireworks was enhanced by the intense tropic darkness.

Our baseball season which commenced last Thanksgiving Day, has just closed. The American team, the "Citizens,"

won the pennant by a lead of only one game in a great struggle with the "Nationals," composed entirely of Filipinos. The Army team, also white, finished third, and the "Customs" (Filipino) was fourth. The Navy team fell by the wayside and disbanded early in the season. They turn out to ball games over here. I have seen crowds of as high a 5,000 people at a game, and in the sensational finish the excitement ran high. The Filipinos take readily to athletics, and are quick to learn, and this year they came mighty close to beating the Americans at their own game. This is a fine country for baseball. Games can be played the year round, except for a little while during the rainy season.

I haven't been so very homesick, yet we are now going on our second year in the Philippines. However, one day not long ago I went down to the pier to see some friends off on the transport. It was the first time I had been down to see a boat sail for home since I arrived. The band played lively airs and everybody seemed happy. Finally some one shouted "There she goes!" and the big transport began to glide away from the pier. There was much waving of hands and handkerchiefs, and everything was going fine, until the blamed band started "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." This old tune brought back so many memories and thoughts of home, and these, coupled with the sight of that big boatload of people pulling out for the homeland—well, I wasn't exactly homesick, but I had a sort of "gone" feeling, and felt a lump in my throat. So did some of the other exiles on the pier, judging by the way they acted as the transport swung around and headed out into the bay.

Still, this is a pretty good country, and I guess I will continue to "stick around" for a while longer. Auto transportation is much further advanced than anything I ever saw at home. The splendid roads make this possible. Even

away down on the island of Leyte while making a drive of about forty miles in an auto, we met many big auto trucks, regular vans, hauling baled hemp to market. There would be three or four of these huge trucks coupled together, all pulled by a big automobile. It looked almost like a freight train. Big passenger cars make regular runs from town to town in most of the islands, and they are loaded with people every trip, and the fare is quite reasonable. Towns like Cebu, Iloilo, Tacloban, and many others in the provinces, are big trading centers and quite modern for Oriental cities.

The scenery here is beautiful. It must be one of the prettiest places on earth. I well remember an auto drive of about one hundred miles, which I made down along the southern shore of the island of Bohol. The road followed the beach, which could be seen through the trees. was bordered all the way on either side with graceful cocoanut palms, their tops meeting over the roadway. On the one hand the sea and coral beach, on the other the mountains clad in bright green verdure to their very tops, which were sometimes in the clouds. Where the mountain bluffs crowded close to the sea, the road climbed up over the bluff, and from these points the view was sublime. One could look out to sea for miles and miles, while directly below nestled beautiful little coves where the wavelets came gently rolling in. Occasionally the road led into some little town. and as one sighted the village through the palms, with its white church and convent in striking contrast to the blazing red of the fire-trees in full bloom, the picturesque native houses, the brilliant green of the little fields and hillsides, the big white, lazy clouds, the bright blue sky, the boundless view out to sea, the fishing boats resting in quiet water or beached on the white, glistening coral sand, it all made a wonderful picture that will remain with me always. Not just one spot like this, mind you, but for the full hundred miles I traveled it was one continuous, changing panorama of tropic beauty. It was to me a perfect fairyland and there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of such places all over the Islands.

There is beauty right here in Manila. Every evening the band plays on the Luneta. It is fine to sit out there and listen to the band and watch the crowds of people. As the sun drops down behind Mariveles Mountain to the west, there comes the greatest sky-coloring, the most gorgeous sunset imaginable. Great streaks of blood red, purple, rose, lavender, changing every moment as darkness approaches, and the night comes quickly. The colors do not appear usually until after the sun goes down, but from that time until dark it is a wonderful sight. I wonder if anybody could adequately portray with pen or artist's brush the beauties of a Manila sunset? I am sure it is beyond me.

So, with all the nice little earthquakes, and typhoons, and warm climate, the country is beautiful. They say up in Oregon they have only two seasons during the year, "the wet and the darned wet," or something like that. That could be applied over here with but slight variation. We have but two seasons also, and they might be termed "the hot and the darned hot," and we are just emerging from the latter season. April, May and June this year were exceedingly warm months. The rest of the year will be just warm. The records show that 63 degrees was the coldest night in Manila during the past winter. On the other hand, there were only two days when the temperature went to 100, but has never been up to 101 in the history of the city, so I have been told. But 100 at sea level is some heat. Still it is not as uncomfortable under those extreme conditions as it is in Kansas when she turns on her "110 in the shade."

CHAPTER XIII.

A YEAR OF AGRICULTURAL ORGANIZATION.

Manila, September 20, 1915.

Herewith I am sending you an article entitled "A Year of Agricultural Organization in the Philippines," written by me for our Bureau publication, the *Philippine Agricultural Review*. It is a fecord of my work during the past year, and may be of interest to readers who care to know what I have been doing. I give it in full as it appeared in the September number (third quarter) of the *Review*:

"In the campaign for advancement of agricultural conditions carried on through the office of coöperative organization of the Bureau of Agriculture during the past year, three great forces have been recognized. They are: Organization, agricultural education, and coöperation, and they follow each other in regular sequence. Organization is necessary in order to properly conduct a campaign of education leading to coöperation or united action on the part of the farmers.

"Agricultural conditions in the Philippines are peculiar. Farmers are isolated. Mail and transportation facilities, although gradually improving, are as yet grossly inadequate. Lack of uniform language has retarded unity of thought and action. The average farmer has little or no knowledge of the principles of coöperation. He has been struggling with his problems unaided and alone. It is little wonder that in the majority of instances the methods employed are antiquated and the results often disappointing and discouraging.

"Realizing the benefits of organization and the needs of agricultural education and coöperation, Honorable H. S. Martin, Secretary of Public Instruction, early in the year of 1914 initiated a campaign for uniting the farmers of the

Philippines in an organization known as the Philippine Agricultural Society. The plan included the organization of a provincial or governing society in every province in the Islands, the membership to be composed of representative farmers from the municipalities of each province. the direction and supervision of these provincial agricultural societies, municipal agricultural societies were to be organized in each municipality. After the completion of this preliminary work, an insular agricultural society was to be formed, its membership to consist of regularly accredited delegates from the various provincial societies. the work of organization, the office of Coöperative Organization was created in the Bureau of Agriculture, and Honorable Monico Mercado, ex-delegate from Pampanga, and the writer, were appointed as superintendents. During the month of June, 1914, the preliminary steps were taken, including the drafting of tentative constitutions and by-laws to be used as a guide for the insular, provincial and municipal societies, and the arrangement of an itinerary covering the leading provinces of Central Luzon. Copies of the constitutions and by-laws were printed not only in English and Spanish, but were also translated and printed in the leading provincial dialects, the more clearly to make known the objects of the proposed organization.

"The first actual work of organization was begun with the organization of the Provincial Agricultural Society of Tayabas, which was perfected at Lucena, in that province, on July 7, 1914. Following this in rapid succession during the month of July, provincial agricultural societies were organized in the provinces of Batangas, Laguna, Rizal, Cavite, Bulacan, Nueva Ecija, Pampanga, Tarlac, Pangasinan, and Bataan, concluding with the organization of a society at Iba, Zambales, on July 31. The work was continued during the month of August, 1914. The coast-guard cutter Corregidor was chartered and a tour of the southern provinces was arranged. During this trip agricultural societies were organized in the provinces of Palawan, Capiz, Iloilo, Occidental Negros, Oriental Negros, and Cebu. At Cebu, owing to an unfortunate accident to the engine of the coast-guard cutter,

the boat was compelled to return to Manila for repairs, and the remainder of the southern schedule was abandoned for the time being, except the provinces of Albay and Ambos Camarines, which were reached by regular boat after returning to Manila, in time to attend meetings on the dates previously arranged. The society at Naga, Ambos Camarines, was organized August 25, 1914, being the last one for that month, and the twentieth society formed since the organizers started out on their work on July 7. The organizers met with the hearty support of the agriculturists in every province The meetings were well attended and there was much interest and enthusiasm. Probably the largest meeting held was at Dagupan, Pangasinan, where forty-four out of a total of forty-six municipalities had representatives at the meeting, which was held July 25. The total attendance was more than 450 interested farmers.

"Upon returning to Manila from the southern organizing trip, the work having been well started, Mr. Mercado resigned his position as one of the organizers in order to give his entire attention to his law practice, and the work has since that time been continued by the writer, at times assisted by Honorable Adriano Hernandez. Assistant Director

of the Bureau of Agriculture.

"The work of organizing municipal agricultural societies occupied much of the time during the next few months. This work was done largely by the newly-elected officers of the provincial societies, under the direction of the office of Coöperative Organization in the Bureau of Agriculture. Copies of the constitution and by-laws, blanks for secretary's reports and instructions concerning organizing municipal societies were forwarded to the officers of the provincial agricultural societies, and they were urged to at once take up the work of thoroughly organizing their provinces. results were highly satisfactory. The unselfish, patriotic work of many of these officials deserves the highest com-They gave freely of both their time and their mendation. money in furthering the work. Some of the officers of the provincial societies visited every municipality within their jurisdiction, delivered lectures to the people, explained the benefits of the new movement, and assisted in organizing the farmers in each locality. As a result, the office of Cooperative Organization was kept busy tabulating the reports of municipal organizations as they came in. By the end of November, 1914, over 150 municipal agricultural societies had been reported, and by January, 1915, the total had increased to over 200. All this work was done by the provincial societies and their active officials at their own expense, as up to the present writing no money whatever has been received by any of these societies from the General Government.

As fast as the reports of these organizations were received they were entered in the permanent records of the office of Coöperative Organization, card indexed and alphabetically arranged by provinces for ready reference. From time to time during the year the work of provincial organization has been extended, personal visits having been made by the superintendent to the provinces of Samar, Leyte and Bohol, where provincial societies were established, and through correspondence and personal aid of leading agriculturists and officials, societies have been formed in the provinces of Surigao, Mindoro, Masbate and Ilocos Norte.

A summary of the work of organization up to the time this article is written (September, 1915), a period of but little over one year, shows a total of twenty-seven provinces in which provincial agricultural societies have been established, and under the direction of these parent organizations there are 265 municipal or branch societies, the total membership exceeding 20,000. This membership is limited to persons who are actively engaged in the vocation of agriculture. This is the record of the year's accomplishment in organization. Naturally, interest follows in the educational and cooperative results obtained through this organization.

"The educational work has been carried on by lectures given by officers of these societies at regular and special meetings. From time to time members of the Bureau of Agriculture and others have delivered lectures to the societies. It is estimated that over 40,000 farmers were reached by the exhibit, demonstration and lectures of the

successful "Rice-special" trip this season, a 45-day tour over

the lines of the Manila Railway.

"Commencing in November, 1914, a market report containing a summary of Manila prices on standard farm products such as rice, copra, abaca (Manila hemp), sugar, to-bacco and livestock, has been compiled weekly and a copy has been mailed promptly every week to the president of each provincial and municipal society for the guidance of the members in marketing their farm products. A weekly cable report of New York sugar prices has been received and promptly forwarded by wire to the leading sugar-producing provinces.

"In the month of January, 1915, the publication of the *Philippine Farmer* was commenced, a monthly periodical devoted to practical farm topics. It is printed in English and Spanish, and is sent free to every member of the Philippine

Agricultural Society.

"The writer has personally visited as many of the societies as the limited time at his disposal permitted, and has delivered talks on coöperation and assisted in every way possible in maintaining interest in the organization. Acting Director Hernandez, the chief of the demonstration division of the Bureau of Agriculture, and the field men of the Bureau have aided in the educational work by holding special meetings in which educational work in seed selection, soil preparation, methods of planting, irrigation, cultivation, the use of modern implements, preparation and marketing of products, and of the spirit of coöperation and united action, has been carried forward with marked success.

"Although the work of these newly-organized societies during the past year has necessarily been largely educational, and will probably be of that nature for some time to come, yet the results of agricultural education and even ventures along coöperative lines are apparent. In the food-production campaign of last year, although the societies were in their infancy, they were an important aid in increasing production of secondary food products all over the Islands. The president of the Provincial Agricultural Society of Albay states that although the recent prolonged drought was so

severe that in many places eighty per cent of the abaca (Manila hemp) crop was ruined, the price of food products did not advance, due to the excellent work of the agricultural

societies in conducting the food-production campaign.

"Coöperation was apparent in the province of Tayabas during the recent campaign against bud-rot in the cocoanut groves. Meetings of the societies were held, lectures were delivered, and active support was given by the members to the enforcement of the strict measures of the Bureau of Agriculture for the suppression of this destructive disease.

"In Pampanga, the provincial society has been very active in laboring for the welfare of the farmers of the province. The officers of the society have held important conferences with the officials of the Manila Railway Company, and were successful in securing better train service, equipment, etc., and many times during the last session of the Legislature made known the wishes of Pampanga farmers on important legislative matters.

"In Iloilo, the president of the provincial society states that there is a demand for selected seed by farmers from every municipality in the province, a condition heretofore unknown in the history of the province. He attributes this largely to the activities of the agricultural societies and to information obtained by reading the society publication, the *Philip*-

pine Farmer.

"Agricultural inspectors, fiber inspectors, and field men of the Bureau generally, report that the societies have been of assistance to them in their field and demonstration work.

"In many municipalities the farmers hold their meetings in the home of some member of the society, where the farm paper is read regularly and translated into the local dialect, and the topics are discussed and much valuable information is obtained.

"In several localities, members of the society have bought live stock, community owned, for the purpose of improving the herds of the members. The animal husbandry division of the Bureau of Agriculture receives many communications every week along this line.

"Members of the society in Tarlac and other provinces

have pooled their interests in irrigation projects, the coöp-

erative plan proving very satisfactory.

"In several localities coöperative stock corporations have been formed and shares offered to members on the plan of paying for the same in regular monthly installments, thus adding a savings feature to that of coöperative business. This idea is exemplified fully in the society known as the Lipa Young Farmers' Association, a branch of the Lipa, Batangas, Municipal Agricultural Society. This society, as its name implies, is composed of young farmers. It has a membership of over forty; the shares have a par value of \$5.00 each, and each member must own at least one share. The company is organized to deal in improved live stock and conduct a general agricultural business coöperatively.

"In the province of Albay a big two-days' special meeting, or congress, was held during the past year. Addresses were made by the Provincial Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, by lawyers, doctors, the third member, the president of the Provincial Agricultural Society, the provincial delegates and

many others of prominence.

"Another event in which the organized farmers of the Islands played a prominent part was the Farmers Congress, held in Manila, August 21 to 28, 1915. This great meeting was called upon the initiative of Honorable Manuel Quezon, resident Commissioner, and the members of the Economic League, a Manila organization. Members of the Philippine Agricultural Society were well represented at this meeting and helped in every way possible to make it a success. Nearly 500 delegates attended, representing nearly every province in the archipelago. Addresses were made by leading officials of the government, by educators, commercial men, leading farmers, and Bureau specialists. The members of the various committees worked earnestly and intelligently on the difficult tasks assigned them, and the result of their labors as outlined in the thirty-four resolutions adopted on the last day of the meeting was highly creditable. In the selection of the officers of the congress, the organized farmers were fully recognized, as every officer is a member of the Philippine Agricultural Society.

"The active participation of the Philippine Agricultural Society in the deliberations of the Farmers Congress, and the pronounced success of the congress itself, are matters of congratulation, but the calling of the congress at the particular time it was held seriously interfered with one plan of the Philippine Agricultural Society, that of the organization of an insular agricultural society. The Farmers Congress so carefully covered all insular matters of an agricultural nature and brought so many of the leading farmers into conference, that it was not deemed expedient to attempt the organization of an insular agricultural society until some later date. When this work is accomplished, together with the addition of provincial organizations in the few remaining provinces, the organization will be complete. It is the first effort at organization on so large a scale ever

attempted in the Philippines.

"The record of accomplishment in one short year speaks for itself. The society is as yet in its infancy, but the results obtained are encouraging and prove the wisdom of the adoption of the plan of organization. Success has by no means been attained in every case. Some of the societies that were enthusiastic at the start, have grown indifferent, and results in these instances have been negative. It is a constant struggle to keep interest alive, to keep the societies on their feet and moving. There have been discouragements along with the small measure of success attained during the first year of agricultural organization in the Philippines. The fact that some progress has been made is encouraging. There is justification in the belief that through organization, education and cooperation faithfully upheld in the years to come, great improvement will be made in agriculture, for with these three forces properly directed will come increased production, better systems of marketing, lower interest rates and more extended irrigation systems. increased revenues for schools and transportation, more comforts, and less grinding toil, relief from present isolation, more self-reliance, a viewpoint of the dignity of farming as a vocation, happy homes, and a prosperous and contented people. The attainment of these conditions could hardly be

expected in one year of organization, education and coöperation. But a start has been made. The way has been opened. It leads straight to prosperity. The ultimate success necessarily rests with the farmers themselves. If they become indifferent, their condition can hardly be expected to improve. If they continue to show a willingness to progress, as they have done in a majority of provinces during the past year, the road to success is plain."

CHAPTER XIV.

TYPHOONS, VOLCANOES, ETC.

Manila, November 25, 1915.

Since writing my last letter the Islands have been swept by three severe typhoons that have caused much loss of life and damage to property. The typhoon is a Kansas tornado's big brother. Instead of cutting a narrow path like the tornado or "cyclone," so called by many, the typhoon is a rotary storm of several hundred miles in diameter, and although not as severe over all this great extent as the vortex of a tornado at home, it is certainly destructive enough. The sky becomes overcast, great clouds go sweeping low, the wind blows violently first from one quarter, then from another, depending on the location of the center of the storm area. All three of the recent storms have passed close to Manila, but not close enough to cause much damage here.

From June, 1914, up to October, 1915, there were no bad storms here, and I began to think the typhoon stories were told to scare new-comers. There were months and months of either gentle, balmy breeze or no breeze at all. Then one day I changed my mind, and have changed it several times since, for typhoons came and then kept on coming. The government maintains a splendid Weather Bureau, and typhoon warnings are always sent out ahead of a storm. They are able to tell with reasonable accuracy when and where a storm is forming, its general course, and where it will strike the Islands, sometimes two days before its arrival. When this warning goes out, everybody heeds it,

especially shipping interests. They have learned to do so. When typhoon warning went out for the first storm, ships in the harbor here got busy promptly. Big ships got up steam, heaved over a second anchor, and prepared to buck the storm. The smaller craft scooted for the shelter of the Pasig River, until the big stream was fairly choked. Not a boat dared leave port. The storm struck the Islands near southern Luzon, swept the Camarines, Tayabas, Batangas, Cavite, and out across the bay by way of Corregidor to the China Sea, so you see it got pretty close to Manila. boat was wrecked over near Cavite and fourteen people were drowned. The bay was so rough for two days after the storm that the regular ferry boat to Corregidor could not make the trip. It went out one day and tried it, and after bucking the waves for over two hours steadily without making any progress, gave it up and came back. The path of this storm was over one hundred miles in width, and it caused much destruction of life and property before passing out into the China Sea.

Another of the big storms went north of Manila, up through Nueva Ecija, La Union and the Ilocos provinces. A week or two after this storm, I made a trip up through that country and saw some of the damage it had done. Big houses were unroofed, small nipa shacks were blown down and the leaves were whipped from the trees where the trees were not uprooted bodily. The wind registered a velocity of over one hundred miles an hour, and the area damaged ranged from the province of La Union clear up to Ilocos Norte, the extreme northern province of Luzon. A Kansas tornado is bad enough. I don't want to get in the way of one of these full grown fellows over here if I can avoid it.

Another interesting feature over here that we do not have at home is the volcanoes. There are two famous volcanoes on the island of Luzon, and I have seen them both-Taal in Batangas province, and Mayon in Albay province, in the southern part of the island. Mayon is a handsome mountain, said to be the most perfect cone in the world. Taal, just the reverse, is a low, squatty volcano that has literally blown its head off. It stands in the center of the lake and looks like a low island. Volcanoes are attractive enough to me when quiet. I have no desire to see either one of these spouters in action, although there is no telling when they may conclude to get busy. Down at Los Baños, in the neighborhood of Taal volcano, there are hot springs, the water coming from the earth in boiling hot streams. water flows into Laguna de Bay, and steam is constantly rising where these hot currents enter the lake. The Los Baños hot baths are famous. I have visited a good many of the springs in this locality, and they always give me the impression that Hades can't be very far from there. A friend of mine had a little farm near Los Baños, and dug a well twenty feet deep near his house. He got water all right, nice water, so hot when drawn from the well that you couldn't hold your finger in it. Fine for dishwater and on washdays, but it takes time to convert it into drinking water.

The Weather Bureau reported twenty-four earthquakes in the Philippines last month. They must have been little fellows, or else I am getting used to them, as but one of the twenty-four attracted my attention. But possibly this is enough nature stories for the present.

Let me tell you something about the national pastime over here. In America the amount of money spent on baseball is enormous. The game is rapidly gaining a foothold in the Philippines, but it will be some time before it supplants the Filipino's national pastime, the cockfight. This will give you some idea of the extent of cockfighting in the Philippines: The proprietors of cockpits are required to pay an annual license of two hundred pesos each. Twenty-five centavos are collected for each cockfight. The total revenues for the past nine months amounted to over 406,904 pesos, over 300,000 pesos being collected from proprietors and over 100,000 from the fights, the latter sum indicating that there were over 400,000 cockfights during these past nine months. Sunday is always the big day for cockfights. Instead of observing the day like many Americans by going fishing, the untutored Filipino goes to the cockpit. I have made one visit to a cockpit. That was enough for me. It is a bloody, sickening sight to see birds murder each other with sharp daggers on their legs. I like sport, but I can't see any sport in a cockfight. I may not be educated up to it, and furthermore I don't want to be.

I presume you people back home think you are up to date, but there is nearly twelve hours difference in time between the Philippines and the United States, and it's all in our favor over here. In other words, we are that much ahead of you. When our day is done it is just about sunup of the same day for you. Our Monday sunset is your Monday sunrise. That's how it came that when Dewey sunk the Spanish fleet here that morning of the first of May we knew all about it so soon in the States. The papers told us how Dewey stopped for breakfast, and we read about it at our breakfast the same day. Dewey was about ten or eleven hours ahead of us, that was all. So if you want to know what time it is over here, just jump ahead ten to twelve hours and you will have it. We are ahead of the procession because we are in the Far East.

This letter is written on Thanksgiving Day, but there is little in the Tropics to remind one of the good old New England holiday. The churches of course held appropriate

services, and the day is observed as a holiday by the government offices, because no chance for a holiday is ever overlooked in this country; but a good deal of the other things that go with a well-regulated Thanksgiving Day are missing. Today is much more like a Fourth of July. No "frost on the pumpkin" over here. No bright-colored autumn leaves; no chill in the air; no big red apples; no hickory nuts; no good rich mince pie; no huddling around the stove; not Just bright skies, green grass, beautiful floweven a stove. ers, sunshine, summer and-sweat. You might think one would never grow tired of it, but it is a good deal like being fed on nothing but pie. Pie is all right in its place, but it would be poor stuff for a steady diet. After a while you would begin to long for bacon and beans, no matter how fine the pie.

My work in the Bureau keeps me fairly busy, but I have found time to attend a good many farmers' meetings, have traveled with the Bureau's demonstration coach, have plowed with a carabao and a little "modern" plow that I could shoulder and walk off with, have experienced all kinds of "chow" from dining with the Governor-General to eating plain fish and rice with the natives. I have traveled all kinds of ways from fine steamers and autos, to taking it across the rice paddies through the mud on foot, and it all seems to agree with me, as I am gradually getting fatter. Last test I weighed 230 in the shade, and going strong.

I am collecting a few curios as I go along. Even have an elephant on my hands. Not a real live elephant, but one I got the other day that had been looted from a Chinese temple at Pekin during the Boxer uprising. It is carved out of one piece of solid ebony and stands about five inches high. I have a lot of other junk that I presume I will never be able to get home, yet I keep on getting the stuff. I have

polished carabao horns, shells, coral, baskets, vases, bat skins, bolos, gee-strings, borongs, butterflies, pictures, embroidery, brass, chinaware; in fact, the stuff just keeps accumulating, and I can't keep from collecting it. I am going to try to bring some of the stuff back home, especially my black elephant and my case of pretty mounted butterflies.

CHAPTER XV.

FILIPINOS.

Manila, December 1, 1915.

Having traveled to nearly all the islands in the archipelago now except the island of Mindanao, which is Moro land, I have had a pretty good chance to see the Filipinos at close They are pretty good folks as a rule, kind, hospitable, peaceful and home-loving. Most people of the United States have a wrong idea about the inhabitants of these islands. It is because the savage or wild tribes have been well advertised in America, and the great mass of the population here, the civilized people, attract little or no attention. The freaks, the exceptions, have been well advertised. turally when these islands are mentioned, our people think of the freaks, exceptions like the dog-eating Igorots, the dwarf Negritos or the savage Moros. These savages are not in the majority. They are hardly a factor in the population. They bear about as much resemblance to the Filipinos as the Indians do to civilization in America. If foreigners judged American civilization by the lives of our Kiowas, Comanches or Chevenne Indians, we would feel that we were sadly misjudged. That's the way the Filipino feels about the situation here. Young men who have had exceptional educational advantages from infancy, sons of wealthy parents who gave them every possible luxury, even to sending them to the United States to finish their education, have told me that while in America many people asked them how long they had been wearing clothes, and other frivolous questions. plainly indicating the American idea that such a rare specimen had no doubt only recently crawled down out of a cocoanut tree and become partially civilized. Naturally they feel hurt over such an attitude. The population of these islands is probably over nine million. Of these, no doubt less than a million belong to the savage tribes, whose homes are in the mountains and wild places, and are seldom seen. Yet many people back home imagine the Philippines as a place where people run wild, dressed only in gee-strings, and live on dog meat and grasshoppers. It's all wrong.

Philippine civilization may not be up to our standard of civilization, but it is away above the average of the Orient, I am told, and from what I have seen I believe this is true. These islands are not a wilderness nor a jungle, although there is much uncultivated, unsettled land. Manila is not the only city here that has modern conveniences. There is a good railway system over a large portion of Luzon island, and it is being extended. Down on the island of Panay there is a railroad clear across the island from Iloilo to Capiz, American owned and operated. There is also a railroad of some extent on the island of Cebu. In every province of any importance there are splendid rock-base roads over which automobiles go at high speed.

No doubt to folks back home the Philippines appear merely as a speck on the map. Did you know that from the Batanes on the north to the Sulu group on the south was a good deal farther than from Topeka to Galveston? That from Samar on the east to Palawan on the west was farther than from Chicago to Hutchinson? There is not much development yet on some of these islands like Samar, Mindanao and Palawan. Mindanao is almost as large as Luzon, rich in resources, and practically undeveloped. Even the island of Mindoro, close to Luzon, is largely unknown and unexplored. It has the reputation of being an unhealthy place, which has

retarded its development. Mindoro is as large as the island of Panay, yet Panay is divided into three thriving provinces, Iloilo, Capiz, and Antique, and along with Cebu, Luzon, and Negros, is well populated. Probably the wealthiest people of the Islands are the rich sugar planters of Panay and Negros.

Mindanao and the Sulu group constitute the Moro land. and the savage Moro in times past has been about as big a terror to peaceful settlers as the Sioux, Apaches, or Blackfeet Indians were to pioneers on our western plains back The Moro is not only a savage, but a religious fanatic as well, and welcomes a chance to die fighting. Some big stories come up to us from Moro land occasionally. A reliable Constabulary officer related to me the story of one of his encounters, when attacked unexpectedly by two Moros armed with bolos. He grabbed one by the arm which held the bolo, and shot the other one four times through the chest, and then had to finish him with his own bolo before he would be good. He was badly chopped up, and walks with a limp, but he still retains the two bolos as grim souvenirs. All this happened a long way from Manila, a border or outpost scrap, and it's not the only one of its kind, nor is it the greatest event of this nature that has happened. It will be some time vet before all the wild tribes will be subdued in those out-of-the-way places, especially down at Jolo and the Sulu group.

Naturally when a good many home people read this they will say: "Why, the Filipinos are still fighting." That's right in line with what I tried to tell you at the start. The country is so big and there are so many kinds of people that when one writes of one particular class, no matter how small or isolated, those unacquainted with the country naturally jump to the conclusion that the description fits the whole

Philippines. Of course, for isn't a Filipino a Filipino? Just as sure as two and two are four. Yet the term Filipino to the American mind is confusing, because to him it may mean the savage Moro, the bare-legged Igorot, the little Negrito, the field laborers or "taos," the independent farmers, the "ilustrados," the big hacenderos, the town dwellers, the tradesmen and professional men, the sea-faring population, the artisans, educators, officials, and people of all classes and provincial characteristics. So when reference is made to a Filipino custom it may easily apply to one class and be absolutely foreign to another.

Kansas got a good deal of free advertising in times past from Carrie Nation, Jerry Simpson, Peffer and Mary Lease, yet the mass of the population didn't wear whiskers, go without socks, smash saloons with a hatchet, nor raise less corn and more hades as some advised. In the Eastern mind there lingers the impression that the Indian and the buffalo still roam the plains of Kansas, and that the state is a land of hot winds, grasshoppers and cyclones, because these freak features were advertised. It is therefore little wonder that America gets a wrong impression once in a while about the Philippines, because the great bulk of the solid, well-behaved, peace-loving Christian Filipinos go about their business attracting little attention, while the dog-eating, head-hunting Igorot in his gee-string is the center of attraction. The Far East is the Far East all right. It is Malay stock, but it isn't half so "woolly" as you might suppose. In fact, the Philippines are a good deal better than your best guess, I'll venture that, and conditions are improving all the time. Even the wild tribes are much more eager for education than are our Indians, and schools cannot be established fast enough to meet the demand.

The country is greatly handicapped on account of lan-

guage—not for lack of it, but on account of a surplus of it. There is need of a common language. We have been teaching English here for more than fifteen years, and it is as near the common tongue as any other, but many of the high school graduates do not master it, and prefer to talk in Spanish or their native dialect. It is a queer situation. going from one province to another one finds an entirely different dialect spoken, so different that the Tagalog cannot understand the Ilocano, and Bicol is Greek to the residents of Pangasinan. Right here on the island of Luzon there are at least five or six distinct dialects among the civilized people, to say nothing of the dialects of the wild tribes of the northern hills. Most of the officials and well-to-do Filipinos speak Spanish. It is rather looked upon as the proper language Many of the younger generation can for social occasions. speak and understand English, but it is still very confusing, this mixup of languages. I have heard Mr. Hernandez, at present Assistant Director of Agriculture, try to talk to a crowd of farmers within twenty miles of Manila, and he had to have an interpreter, although he is a native born Filipino. He is a Visayan, and although he speaks Spanish, Visayan and English, he couldn't make those Tagalogs comprehend what he had to say without the aid of an interpreter. You can imagine the handicap of a person here who speaks only one language.

Filipinos are unusually polite. They wouldn't speak harshly even to an enemy. It sometimes keeps one guessing to know what a Filipino really thinks about a thing. You certainly can't always tell by what he says. He is usually so polite that if he knows what you want him to say he will be pretty sure to say it. He is too blamed polite to say anything else. But this doesn't give you a very good line on what he really thinks. Trained to this way of doing

things under nearly three hundred years of Spanish rule, I expect the American idea of frankness and speaking right out was quite a jolt to them. They really haven't got used to it yet, and very few of them adopt our methods in this particular. They think we are rude. A Filipino would be polite to a man if he was going to hang him the next minute. The American is not so particular. They evidently think we are frank to the verge of rudeness, while to us their politeness and intrigue appears to closely resemble deceit.

The first Americans over here, largely the soldier element, must have given the Filipino some queer ideas of American customs. Go into nearly any home in the provinces today and you will hardly be seated before the host will ask you if you will have some beer. If you decline, he will look puzzled, and then will say: "Do you prefer whiskey?" If you again decline, he appears at his wit's end, and probably doubts your nationality. His last resort in the way of hospitality is to present a box of "Londres" cigars, and if they were declined the poor fellow would be all at sea and would wonder what he could possibly have done to have offended you, for he has, according to his ideas, gone to the limit of hospitality for Americans.

They are a musical people. Even out in the provinces there are fine pianos in many of the best homes, and nearly every little town or barrio has its brass band. They have some old brass horns, a few clarinets and a drum or two, and away they go every "fiesta" or holiday, playing ragtime in great shape. The Philippine Constabulary Band, which will soon return from the Exposition at San Francisco, is one of the famous bands of the world. If any of you attended the Exposition and heard that band, I think you will agree with me. When at home they give concerts nearly every night on

the Luneta, and great crowds are out to hear the music when the weather is fine.

Have I told you how the Filipinos dress? The women's dress in one particular has a decided advantage over the kind the American women wear. The styles here do not change. A dress therefore is in style until it is worn out. There is some sense to that. The skirts all have a long train. but this train is usually wrapped around and tucked in at the hip. They seldom let the train drag. I can't see much sense in all that long tail to a skirt, especially when they don't use it even for display. The waists are of stiff, transparent "jusi" or "piña" cloth, with great wide butterfly sleeves that reach about to the elbow. Then there is the invariable collar of the same material worn like a big kerchief folded diagonally, the points fastened in front and the wide part at the back of the neck. It is a stiff, unwieldy affair that slips around and has to be constantly pulled into place, but no Filipino lady would be fully dressed without it. is as useless as the train to the skirt; but it is the style, and the style doesn't change, so it has something in its favor. Some women wear modern French heel shoes. Others wear the native slipper called a "chinela." Now this is about as far as I can safely go with a description of the ladies' costume, so we will talk about the men.

The better classes of the men dress practically the same as the Americans—white coat and trousers, shirt, collar, necktie, shoes and sox. The "muchachos," or house boys, and the laborers usually wear the "camisa chino," a collar-less shirt with the tail always worn outside the pants. They say that is the coolest and most comfortable costume, and that it was worn by nearly all classes of men until the Americans came, when we taught them to tuck their shirt tails inside their pants and be nice and uncomfortable. Filipinos

call a coat an "Americana." Many of the "taos" or working classes out in the fields wear only a shirt and pants, usually red pants, and a wide, cone-shaped hat. Country children do not worry much about clothes until they are at least eight or ten years old, especially the boys, who are satisfied with only a shirt with an extremely short tail, and seldom consider even that as much of a necessity.

This is a great country for hats. Nearly every province has its own peculiar kind of headdress. The men wear everything from a handkerchief knotted about the head, up to big flaring hats that are actually as big around as an ordinary wash tub. Some of the dress hats, made from the fiber of the buri palm and abaca, are very fine, fully the equal of the famous Panama hats, and of much lighter weight. Some very expensive hats of this class are made here. making is one of the few profitable industries in the provinces. Many of these best hats are now shipped to the United States, where there is a growing demand for them. Philippine hand-embroidery is another big industry that is growing rapidly. Some of this work is beautiful, but it takes a woman to go into raptures about it. The man who has paid for a trunk full of it usually fails to enthuse. class of work was formerly very cheap, but the price has increased with the demand.

Some of the good roads boosters at home would be delighted with a trip through these islands. Not long ago I made a trip up to Laoag, in Ilocos Norte, the extreme northern part of Luzon. I went as far as Bauang Sur by rail, and made the rest of the journey of over one hundred miles by automobile. The roads away up there were superb except that in that country there are few bridges. The big, wide rivers are crossed on a "balsa," or bamboo raft. The auto is run onto this frail raft and natives then push the raft

across the river with long bamboo poles. Some of the rivers we crossed in this manner were over half a mile wide. Some streams were so shallow that the raft couldn't get clear to the shore, and the car would have to run out through the shallow water to meet it. The car would hit two planks that were extended from the raft down into the water, and go churning up onto the raft, and then away we would go for the distant shore; planks would be again extended shoreward when we reached the shallow water, and out we would plow on our own gasoline again. Part of the trip was made after night, and crossing those streams seemed rather risky, but we met with no accident.

There are but few birds in the Islands, but many, many flowers. Roses are not so fragrant as those at home. The flowers of great fragrance are strangers to us, the "ilangilang," the "dama de noche," and the "sampaguita de madras," all wonderfully fragrant. The Philippines are not open to the fierce charge some one has made against Japan by claiming that Japan was a country "where the flowers had no odor, the birds no song, the men no honor, and the women no virtue." We are a good deal better than that here in the Philippines, even if some folks at home do think we are over here among the "heathen." If they could be permitted to travel around this country they might change their minds about who was the heathen.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEAUTIFUL BAGUIO.

Manila, January 10, 1916.

I have just returned from an eight-day trip to Baguio, the beautiful town high up among the Benguet Mountains of northern Luzon. I like Baguio because the climate there is cool and the scenery is beautiful. The town was once the summer capital of the Philippines, but now is more of a pleasure resort. Baguio is located among the pine trees up among the blue hills, and its altitude gives the people of this tropic land a chance for a breath of the Temperate Zone without leaving the Islands. It seems remarkable that an altitude of only about 5,000 feet could make such a change of temperature. The weather there except for certain periods of excessive rains, is delightful, cool, and pleasant.

Baguio is over 150 miles north of Manila, and can be reached by automobile, the journey requiring eight to ten hours. The town is surrounded on all sides by high mountain ridges, some of which tower nearly 8,000 feet high. It was at one time the summer capital, and now the teachers of the public schools hold an annual meeting there during the vacation season. There is a steam laundry, electric light plant, good hotels, water and sewer system, telegraph and telephone communication, fire brigade, hospital, library, observatory and weather station, theaters, clubs, golf links, race-track, polo grounds, baseball diamonds, athletic fields, and all the conveniences of a modern city, yet all located away up in northern Luzon, where the Igorots and other semi-civilized tribes roam the hills.

This year one of the attractions at Baguio was the big Norther Luzon Fair and Carnival, which I attended. I assisted in judging the agricultural exhibits and awarding the prizes. It was a big fair. Seven of the mountain and northern provinces participated. It was particularly interesting in view of the fact that the wild tribes of the mountain country were induced to take part in the fair, and had many exhibits of agricultural products and their queer industrial These savages remind me very much of our American They have much the same dances, love gaudy colors, wear feathers in their straight black hair, love beads, bone and shell ornaments, pound brass gongs and drums for dance music, like "booze," and in many other ways resemble our noble red men. These people were as great a curiosity to the Filipinos as they were to the Americans who visited the fair. I guess I have stated before that there are about eight million civilized, Christian Filipinos, and probably all told less than a million of the wild people of all tribes; but whenever the Philippines are mentioned back home our people are sure to think of the freaks and savages, and to intimate that the Philippines are made up entirely of that kind of people, which is a rank injustice to the Filipinos. wild people are not Filipinos. They are not so called here, nor so recognized. The civilized Filipinos, who are scattered all over the Islands, and who do the farming, manufacturing, merchandising and professional work, are a pretty good class of folks. They do not often come in contact with these wild tribes, and at a fair such as the one at Baguio, the Filipinos were as interested as any of the other spectators when the tribes danced or performed other antics.

Baguio is a fine place. This trip was my second visit there. I would like to spend an extended vacation there some time. The nights are quite cool. One night while there the air was so cool that I could "see my breath." There is no freezing weather at Baguio, and beautiful roses bloom there the year round. There was a big rose bush that climbed over the porch at the hotel where I stayed, and it was full of big creamy white roses, and was a beautiful sight, and this, too, during the first week in January. I enjoyed sitting out on that porch of an evening, heels elevated on the rail, while I smoked and enjoyed the fragrance of those roses. Other thin-blooded Americans, who had been in the Islands longer, were huddled around a roaring log fire inside the building, warming up. I hadn't felt any cool air for so long that I was perfectly content to sit out on the porch with the roses, for the rose is my favorite flower; and roses certainly grow to perfection at Baguio.

There were big doings the last night we were there—a coronation ball for the "Empress" of the Carnival and Fair. Each province held a voting contest and elected a "queen," and from these seven queens another general voting contest was held to select an "Empress." A little Igorot girl about fifteen years old won the title of Empress, and they rigged her up in silks, satins and jewels and crowned her "Empress of Northern Luzon" the night of the coronation ball. Americans in full evening dress, officers in dress uniform, ladies in beautiful costumes, all did honor to the little Igorot Empress when she was crowned on a gorgeous throne surrounded by members of her court attired in much tinsel and spangles. She led the grand march, on the arm of Col. Nathorst, of the Constabulary. After she had been crowned and was seated on her throne among all the high lords and ladies, a band of little Igorot boys, in native costume, came out and danced for her amusement, and many other charming scenes were depicted. It was a great night for the wild folks, and the sights fairly made their eyes bulge. I was glad the little

lady won. The other "queens" who failed to land, many of them handsome Filipino women, beautifully attired, acted as her maids. The whole ceremony was concluded with a grand ball. No ceremony is complete out here without a ball.

The motorcycle, automobile and horse-races were special features during the fair. The motor cars started at the foot of the zig-zag road which climbs the mountain to Baguio, made the big climb, then came down into the town and went once around the race-track. It was a grilling test for a car, but some good records were made. There was plenty of excitement, and several accidents, but fortunately no fatalities. Cars from all over the lowlands fairly crowded the town during this fair. Many of the drivers were not used to mountain driving, and every day one or two cars would go over some bluff and land down in a canyon, and have to be hauled up with a block and tackle. But it was a jolly, funloving crowd, and there were no serious accidents, due more to good luck than to good driving. Everybody seemed to have a good time.

In getting around town the streets are much like those of Manitou, Colorado, uphill and down. The first few days I was there the muscles of my legs were so sore from the unaccustomed labor of hill climbing that I could hardly walk, but, like other mountain resorts, there is so much to see and so many places to go that one goes anyhow, no matter how tired, stiff or sore. There are many miles of first-class roads in Baguio. Good horse trails lead through the mountains to the neighboring provinces. One of these trails that leads through the mountains to the north, reaches an altitude of 7,500 feet, where oak trees are found among the pines.

The pine trees are one of the sights of these tropic islands. Everywhere on the lowlands there is the typical tropic vegetation, but at Baguio there are magnificent old pine forests, not just a few runty pines, but groves of tall, stately trees. Some of the places of interest are the market where the Igorot buys his dog-meat, commonly called the dog market. The crowds on market days are a show of themselves. Then there is beautiful Camp John Hay, an army post, where the natural ampitheatre is a sight worth seeing. There is the Teachers' Camp, Bishop Brent's Baguio School for Boys, Constabulary Hill, where young Americans and Filipinos are trained for officers in the Constabulary service, the Jesuit Observatory, the Country Club, the Mansion House, many pretty homes, flowers, parks and driveways.

A trail leads from Baguio up to Mount Santo Tomas, a climb that is fairly easy as mountain climbing goes. To those who do not care to walk, the trip can be made on native ponies. This mountain attains a height of about 7,500 feet, and from its summit one can obtain an inspiring view clear out to Lingayen Gulf, the China Sea, the mountain ranges and the flat lowlands. Another trip that many tourists make is the pony journey of about thirty miles to Haight's place up in the mountains, where it is so cold that ice forms quite often, giving one a touch of winter in denatured doses.

The Bua School for Igorot Girls is one of the interesting places near Baguio. It is commonly known as "Mrs. Kelly's School." Mrs. Kelly, they say, taught the youngsters to say "Good morning, Mrs. Kelly," when they came to her school, as a first step in learning English and politeness. They soon mastered the sentence, but thought the whole thing was the American salutation, and failed to drop the "Mrs. Kelly" part of it when addressing other folks. You can well imagine the surprise of American soldiers or miners up in that country when these school youngsters would meet them and bow to them and say: "Good morning, Mrs. Kelly!"

One feature of the fair that greatly interested the wild folks was the daylight fireworks. Big rockets were sent up into the air and exploded with a loud report, releasing little parachutes from which flags and other novelties were suspended. Nothing in sight until the big report up in the air, and then the transformation. There was a good deal of discussion among these simple folks every time a rocket exploded, probably trying to figure out how it happened. New Year's Eve, at midnight, there was also a big display of fire-I was standing near a bunch of Igorots when a particularly brilliant rocket exploded with a flash and a roar away up in the sky. One of the crowd yelled "Havsus!" which is somewhat of a cuss word, but not spelled exactly as it is pronounced in Spanish. He was probably excusable, for it was a rather startling explosion, and his vocabulary was no doubt limited.

I went up to Baguio in the Bureau motor car with Director Hernandez. Left Manila at 4:30 in the morning and arrived at Baguio at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It was a long run, but interesting all the way. We left Manila the day after Christmas and got back the evening of January 3. I enjoyed Baguio immensely. It was the first time I have been really cool in nearly two years, and even then I wasn't It is so warm here now that I hate to go up to our room, so am sitting at my office where there is a fan to help out while I write. I expect it will be cool enough back home for people to "see their breath." by the time this letter reaches there. It is usually that way sometime during February. When it comes to real winter, Baguio is only an imitation, but it is a lovely place, nevertheless, and doubly appreciated because it is located right here in the Tropics. I am a booster for Baguio. I would like to live up there for a year if I had the opportunity.



"BARRIO" OR VILLAGE SCENE SHOWING TYPICAL HARD-SURFACED ROAD



PRIMITIVE TRANSPORTATION
MARKETING SUGAR-CANE IN BANCAS (NATIVE CANOES)

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNALISM IN THE ORIENT.

Manila, March 20, 1916.

The following is my address, entitled "Journalism in the Orient," which was prepared at the request of Mr. Jesse L. Napier, president of the Kansas Editorial Association, to be read at the annual meeting of the Association to be held at Lawrence, Kansas, May 5 and 6, 1916:

"What can I say to you of the Orient that will interest you? I wish I knew. Naturally you are interested in newspapers, and possibly a few words about the newspapers over here might give you some idea of how the game is played on the other side of the world.

"Manila has three big daily newspapers printed in English, the Bulletin and the Cablenews-American, morning dailies, and the Manila Times, an afternoon paper. There are several dailies printed in Spanish and Tagalog, the Vanguardia, El Ideal, Consolidacion Nacional, and several others, but the dailies printed in English are the only ones that have special

interest to the American in the Philippines.

"Manila is a city of nearly 300,000 people, yet the American population is much less than 10,000. It is from this population that the three big daily papers receive most of their support. How they manage to live and prosper is a mystery. Think of the average town of less than 10,000 people in Kansas supporting three big daily papers! These papers must be quite a burden on the merchants, as they advertise liberally in all three papers, and naturally duplicate their advertising, as the papers all reach practically the same readers. Of course in a town of 300,000 people the advertising field is much greater than in a Kansas country town, but with a field of merchants made up of people representing all nationalities, including conservative Chinese, the life

of the advertising solicitor is not all roses. Even the Chinese have two papers that minister strictly to the needs of the Chinese community.

"Besides these daily papers, there are several weekly papers, valuable or otherwise, depending largely on the view-

point of the reader.

"When I first arrived here, most of the papers were hand set. It seems almost impossible that a big daily paper should be set by hand in this day of improved machinery, but labor is very cheap over here, and machines cost money. The typesetters are said to be very fast and accurate, and I have been told that some Filipinos who do not know a word of English can set English copy rapidly and accurately, merely following copy. They couldn't do it if it was manuscript copy of some Kansas editors I know, whose 'hen tracks' would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. Within the past year the papers have installed a few machines, and more are on the way. Labor, no matter how cheap, can hardly hope to

compete with a modern linotype.

"The American dailies maintain a sort of cable news service, supplemented by vivid imagination and also by the newspapers that come by boat about every ten days, but on world news and topics of general interest they are certainly fearfully and wonderfully made. Cable service costs money. The average man 'editing telegraph' on a country daily in Kansas doesn't know the first principles about 'padding.' It requires a genius to take a six-word code cable and expand it into a story that will cover the front page. Scare heads and wood type are necessary to carry out the illusion, which lends a tinge of 'yellow' to the Manila newspapers. The average evening daily in Kansas carries more general news in one issue than the Manila dailies have in a week. is not said disparagingly of the Manila papers, either. do the very best they can under the serious handicap of being so far away from the seat of world news.

"This dearth of general news causes another queer situation—the magnified importance given to political news. Mail may be late from the States. The short cable story has a limit of expansion. The paper must go to press, and

in despair the managing editor turns to insignificant local matters and plays them up to a finish, especially things of a political nature, for the Manila press has always been noted for roasting everything political that came within reach. Their news-gathering system seems woefully lacking in many instances where there would have been some lively hustling in the average newspaper office in America. A big fire occurred out at Pasig, a suburb connected with Manila by a telephone and trolly line. A great number of houses were destroyed and many people were rendered homeless. days later a short paragraph concerning the fire appeared in the daily papers. I witnessed a train wreck at Calamba in which several freight cars were smashed into kindling wood and the conductor was instantly killed. It took two days for a brief notice of the wreck to appear in the papers, yet Calamba is less than fifty miles from Manila. This week the dead body of a man was found in the Pasig River in the heart of the town. Scare head? No, indeed. The event was covered in a six-line paragraph in an obscure section of the paper. Other local events get only passing notice; but no political event of the most minor importance escapes the eagle eye of the reporters, and if there are no events in this line there is a suspicion that they are sometimes made to order.

"Their political news and editorial comment is not only highly colored but also intensely personal. Every newcomer has to stand the gaff of rank personal criticism. I certainly got my share of it. For a full year they hammered me unmercifully. At first I was quite excited about being criticised and misrepresented so persistently. At one time I took a reporter to task for a front page story in which he had willfully misrepresented me and had withheld other facts that I knew he had in his possession. When I asked him why he didn't write the facts, he laughingly replied, 'Oh, that would have spoiled my story.' When it gradually dawned on me that the papers were not misinformed, but were unfair and misleading from choice, I lost interest in their attacks, and in time they let up; but it was an interesting experience to me while it lasted. They have treated

me very kindly since then, and have commended my work

upon many occasions.

"In speaking of the press of the Philippines, my remarks have been confined to the Manila press, which is in a sense the Philippine press. Outside of Manila, small papers are printed at Cebu, Iloilo, and several other points, but they are purely of local character, poorly printed, and poorly edited. The Philippines cover a territory nearly twice as large as Kansas, and larger than New York and the New England States combined, yet very few newspapers in English are printed in Manila and the provinces combined.

"This can be accounted for largely by the fact that the common people are poorly educated, that there is lack of a common language, and that mail and transportation facilities are irregular and uncertain in a group of islands that are scattered over a territory nearly a thousand miles in extent from north to south and nearly that area from east to west.

"In January, 1915, at the suggestion of Vice-Governor Martin, I started a little farm paper, called the Philippine Farmer. Many of you have no doubt received copies of it during the year. It is a three-column quarto, set in eightpoint and printed on book paper. It is printed by the Bureau of Printing at government expense, and is sent free to all members of the Philippine Agricultural Society. The first number was an edition of 10,000 copies, and we are now issuing 15,000 copies each month, and the list is growing. It is probably the largest and best distributed list in the Islands, and goes into every province. I see the habits of a lifetime are strong. You will note that I have just been bragging about 'circulation.' Editing this publication is merely a 'side line' in connection with my other work, but serves to keep my 'hand in' at the business I have followed so long.

"In conclusion, I don't care to engage in flattery nor to hand out any 'bunc' to the boys back home, but I honestly believe that there are more good newspapers and good newspaper men in Kansas, men who know the game, who know how to think and how to express their thoughts, who combine good business and editorial ability with good horse sense

and a spirit of fairness and decency, than in any other territory of equal extent on the face of the globe, at least any part of it that I have visited in my travels.

"While not exactly homesick, I confess to a mighty longing to be back among the old crowd once again, a longing which I think I will gratify before long, so until that happy

day for me, good wishes and good luck to you all."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISCELLANEOUS IMPRESSIONS.

Manila, March 25, 1916.

By the time this letter is published it will be nearly two years since we left Kansas. Who would have thought we would remain in the Philippines that long? You can realize by this that the Islands are not such a bad place to live in. or we would have been home long ago. The weather here is really delightful, except that it is a little too warm at times, but even then it is nothing like the hot winds of Kansas in mid-summer. Here there is no bluster, no blow, just gentle, balmly breeze. No violent rain-storms. There is seldom any thunder here. Rain comes easily, shower after shower. without storms or electric displays. When nature concludes to give Kansas a rain she usually throws a fit just before and often during the event. The climate here seems to be just one long month of June, at least for the two years we have When the trade winds shift twice each year there is a little flurry and an occasional typhoon, but never any cold weather, nor raw weather, not even cool weather. It is fine to live in a country where the climate suits your clothing. A Filipino would have about as much use for an overcoat as a Kansan would have for a diving suit.

The houses here are the queerest sort of combination you could imagine, the strongest and the frailest probably ever seen in any land. The old Spaniards built for keeps. The buildings they erected are here yet, some of them nearly 300 years old. The churches they built are regular forts. Some of these old Spanish buildings have walls fully five feet

thick, of solid concrete or masonry. Right beside these structures may be seen frail little nipa shacks supported by bamboo poles and of bamboo framework. They are not so frail as they appear, however, because bamboo is a very tough material. You have probably observed that fact if you ever had occasion to throughly test your split bamboo fishing rod.

And there is some bamboo over here. It grows nearly everywhere in the low places, and attains a great size compared with the bamboo poles we see at home. I have seen thousands of bamboo poles that appeared fully fifty feet long, and as big around at the base as a joint of ordinary stovepipe. That kind of a pole would hold the biggest catfish that any fisherman ever dreamed was in the Cottonwood at Cedar Point. This is truly the home of the bamboo. People occasionally call the Philippines the "bamboo" government, and refer to the currency here as "bamboo" money. The country could hardly get along without bamboo. It is used in hundreds of ways, and is the lightest, strongest material obtainable.

They have bamboo houses, bamboo beds, tables and chairs, bamboo harrows and other farm tools. They saw off a section of bamboo and use it for a water bucket. Sometimes they punch out the connection between the joints and have a huge tube ten feet long in which they carry water. Bamboo is used for fences, floors, rafts, outriggers, bridges, combs, carts, chairs, forks, and many other tools, and tender bamboo sprouts are made into an excellent salad. In fact, I can't begin to tell you all the uses of bamboo in this country. There is nothing like it at home.

This is quite an old country compared with most states in the Union. The Spaniards were here and had churches, towns, farms, and their kind of civilization, nearly two hundred years before states like Kansas or Iowa were even heard of. Kansas has been a sort of melting pot for people from all over the United States. The Philippines has served much the same purpose from a world standpoint. There are English, Spaniards, Irish, American, East Indian, Turks, Germans, French, Italian, Japanese, Chinese, Russians, Africans, Arabs, South Sea Islanders; in fact, you can hardly think of a country not represented here. And they are quite wideawake folks, too. They have to be to ever get this far away from home.

The Chinese here in Manila give the authorities no end of trouble by attempting to smuggle opium. Within the past year I should estimate that over \$150,000 worth of opium has been captured and confiscated in the port of Manila There is big money in the business if they succeed, and they take all sorts of chances. Only last week \$30,000 worth of opium was captured by the secret service men in one haul. The smugglers attempt to bring the dope into the port in tins, in wine casks, in automobile tires, in belts on their persons, and hundreds of other ways. I presume they succeed in getting a lot of it past the secret service men, but every once in a while they get a jolt that reduces their profits, besides having to serve a prison sentence. I had the pleasure of riding around over the bay one evening in the fast launch of Captain Hawkins, of the secret service. We were out This little launch is silent and runs until past midnight. like a streak of lightning. She carries no lights. I wasn't even permitted to light a cigar while on board. We were here, there, and all over the harbor, past big black ships that loomed like huge sky-scrapers, in and out among the smaller craft, out past the breakwater, back by way of the Pasig River, and into the bay again by way of the channel at Engineer's Island. It was fun for me, but I presume it

gets to be a good deal like business to the men who keep up the work night after night. One or two boats patrol the bay all night long, and every ship that docks or anchors has to stand a rigid inspection, and yet the Chino puts one over every once in a while. If not, they would have quit the game long ago.

This is quite a country for gambling, especially on cockfights. They tell the story of how a lot of American sailors from a battleship got trimmed at this game over at Cavite, and what they did about it. Having obtained shore leave. they of course visited the cockpit. It looked like a sporting chance, and they bet rather heavily. As usual when bucking the other fellow's game, they lost. They went back to their ship rather crestfallen and sat around quite despondent, until one of their number evolved a brilliant idea when he remembered that the crew had a pet eagle on board as a mascot. They trained their old eagle for several days and then sent some of the boys ashore, instructed to spread the news that some of the chumps on board had an eagle that they wanted to pit against the best fighting rooster in Cavite. Those who went ashore ridiculed the idea of their comrades on purpose, intimated that they must be locoed to think of matching an old eagle against a game cock armed with a metal dagger. The natives therefore jumped at the challenge, and a fight was matched. The sailors pooled their money and gave it all to the two or three sailors who were supposed to be chumps enough to back their eagle. This money was all finally placed on the eagle, but the sailors hooted the idea that the old bird could win, for its effect on the native sports. They winked and declared that the eagle couldn't fight, and that the rooster would fix him at the first pass. Some of them even bet a little money on the rooster just to keep up appearances. When the money was all up they started the

fight. The rooster pranced around and made a vicious pass. The eagle merely pushed out a wing and walked a step or two rather awkwardly. There was all kinds of hilarity among the native sports over the prospect of easy money. The rooster was a game fighter and mussed the eagle up until the old bird got mad. Then on one of his rushes the old eagle reached out one claw and clinched his foxy opponent and with the other foot pulled Mr. Rooster's head off, and the fight was over. The eagle wasn't much for looks, but he got results, and the boys proudly carried him back to the boat, and also carried back all the money they had lost on the previous fight, with a little added for interest. It was some time before the natives learned that a job had been put up on them, and that the sailors had been training their eagle to pull chickens' heads off for fully two weeks before the fight. That is the story as it was told to me. vouch for it any further than that. If there is any moral to the tale, it is that although you can't beat a man at his own game, it is sometimes possible to start a game of your own. Trust an American sailor for that.

I saw a sight the other day that beat the old yarn about the fellow who went to mill on horseback, with a grist of wheat in one end of the sack and a rock in the other end to balance the wheat. I was going to my hotel and saw a Filipino peddler sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, apparently all tired out. The peddlers usually have two baskets, one suspended on each end of a bamboo pole which they place on their shoulders. This fellow was a pig peddler, and in one basket he had two nice little black pigs. I looked in the other basket and was surprised to see three good-sized rocks, nothing else. They were there of course to balance the two pigs in the other basket. I don't suppose the idea ever entered the poor fellow's head that he could have put a

pig in each basket and dispensed with the rocks. Of course, if he had been as smart as some people he wouldn't have been a pig peddler.

Automobiles are as thick in this town as they are in Denver or Kansas City. It is toot, toot, honk, honk, all day and nearly all night here in the Walled City where streets are narrow, and there is danger of collision on every street intersection. Most of the drivers are Filipinos, and they certainly seem to enjoy tooting their own horns. It's all right until along after midnight, when one tries to sleep. Then when a bunch of joy riders go past my window with their native "honk" artist playing a regular concert, I fail to appreciate the serenade, and feel like getting out of bed and taking a swat at the outfit with a ripe banana. However, all Manila doesn't travel in automobiles, and especially not at that time of night. There is always something to be thankful for if you will hunt for it.

The other means of transportation besides the noisy street cars, consists of victorias—four-wheeled rigs drawn by one, sometimes two horses. Then there are calesas, which are very comfortable two-wheeled one-horse rigs; the carromatas, which are the common two-wheeled street rigs; and the carretelas, or native two-wheeled carts. The horses used for victorias and calesas are usually good-sized American horses, but the other rigs use the native ponies, tough little bats, smaller than the mustangs and Texas ponies we used to have in Kansas. Out on the country roads I have seen six or seven Filipinos crowded into one caretela pulled by a little rat of a pony that any one of the party could have almost picked up and carried. The drivers often whip the ponies unmercifully, and the sight makes one long to take the offenders by the nap of the neck and give them a dose of the same medicine.

There are thousands of these two-wheeled street rigs in Manila. You can get a rig at almost any hour of the day or night. The driver will take you most any place in town for twenty centavos. Two or three people in the rig all go for one fare. When the rig is hired by the hour the fare is forty centavos, twenty cents in gold. They seem to make money at it, as the streets fairly swarm with rigs at certain The driver is called a "cochero." He doesn't say "get up" to his horse when he wants the horse to go. He has a word of his own that sounds like "hooey." One can hear this "hooey" at all hours. I have grown used to it. At first it sounded to me as though the driver was trying to throw up his dinner. The cochero doesn't speak much Spanish, and less English, but when you can't make him understand by talk, you can make signs, and usually point the This matter of directing the driver is great sport, especially for newcomers, who have some funny experiences.

There is little in this part of the world to remind one of Kansas. Everything is so different, even the grass, the trees, the fruits, the crops, the flowers, all are different from what we have been used to at home. We have been here long enough to become accustomed to many of the queer things, but after all it isn't home, and never will be home to Sometimes I look up into the sky of an afternoon and see the big white thunder-clouds banked up in great billows, and it looks much as the sky appears in Kansas on a summer afternoon, but it is necessary to keep one's eyes on the clouds to continue the illusion, for if you glance back to earth with its palms, its carabaos and carts, its tropic blossoms, its chatter of foreign tongues, its narrow streets, its youngsters proudly clad only in shirts with abbreviated tails—well there is no end to the sights that convince one that although the sky may occasionally resemble a Kansas sky, this country is far, far away from the homeland.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP.

Manila, March 30, 1916.

The big Philippine Carnival is now over and the visitors from the provinces and from neighboring countries of the Far East have all gone home. It was a big show, and the visitors seemed to enjoy it. Several United States warships were in the bay during the Carnival. We went out one afternoon and visited the Brooklyn and the Monadnock. The Brocklyn was of special interest to me because it was the flag-ship of Admiral Schley when he trimmed the Spanish fleet at Santiago, Cuba, and it was with some degree of reverence that I climbed aboard and inspected this grand old fighting machine. They say she is a back number now, but in her day she delivered the goods all right. You will remember her guns left their mark on every ship in Cervera's fleet, and was in at the finish when the last Spanish boat gave up the struggle forty miles up the coast and headed for the shore. She may be a back number, but I wouldn't fancy having her guns pointed my way even now, for they still look very grim and businesslike indeed.

And she is such a spotless ship! We went all over the big boat, around and among the big guns, down in the midst of the machinery, were in the ammunition rooms, quarters, mess room, every place they offered to take us, wore white clothes and came out without a fleck of dust or a spot of dirt or grease. It must take some work to keep a ship so clean. Of course the *Brooklyn* is not of the big dreadnaught type of battleships, but she is a big boat when you come to

look her over. There are as many men on board that boat as there are people in the whole town of Sedgwick, so you may know she has some size. We enjoyed every minute of our stay on board. An officer met us as we came up the side and demanded our camera, so we took no pictures of the historic old fighter. We also went all over the Monadnock that afternoon. She was at anchor not far from the Brooklyn. Three or four submarine boats were alongside the Monadnock that day, and she looked a little like an old hen with a broad of chicks. She is a monitor type. Only the fighting part of this old fighting machine is above the water line. The men on board kept telling us how old she was; that she was antiquated, worn out, and ready for the scrap heap. Finally I asked them in what year she was built, and one of the men said: "Oh, a long, long time ago, away back in 1868." And then I scratched my head and thought a few things. That was the year I was born, and somehow I couldn't think the Monadnock was so blamed old as they tried to make her appear. Still, I suppose battleships get old quicker than people. At least that was about the only consolation I could find right at the time.

The battleships in the bay were quite a sight in the daytime, but at night when they were decked out in electric lights they were superb. They had all lights on every night during Carnival week. The *Brooklyn* was trimmed with a complete outline all over her hull, decks and stacks, with little electric lights, and of a night out in the black bay when she turned on the current she was a sparkling electric fairy ship instead of a grim fighting machine. She also had her big searchlights on, and when they began playing around all over the sky the great beams of light were wonderful. The *Brooklyn* alone carries five of these big lights that shoot rays of white light out into the darkness of the tropic heavens, and as they are shifted back and forth look like a huge fan that radiates from the ship apparently clear up to the stars. They kept the lights up toward the sky all the time. They were too brilliant and blinding to turn on the carnival crowds and streets so close to the bay.

The Saratoga, formerly the New York, was also here at that time, and with its searchlights, combined with those of some of the smaller craft, playing in all directions of a dark night you can hardly imagine what a scene it created. Added to this were the thousands of lights on the Carnival grounds just across the Luneta from the bay. The Carnival also had one big searchlight on a high tower. When the whole business got to blazing along about 10 o'clock every night of the Carnival, it presented a spectacle that would make an ordinary Fourth of July fireworks exhibition look like a tallow candle by comparison. It was a new experience to us, and we enjoyed it much more than some of the other new experiences, such as earthquakes, volcanoes, and typhoons, for instance.

And while speaking of boats, let me tell you about some of the deep water they claim to have over here. They tell me that one of the deepest places in the ocean is just off the east coast of the island of Samar, where government soundings have shown that the ocean is over five miles deep. That is some swimming hole. One could dive there without any danger of bumping the bottom. Just think of water five miles deep! If it were possible to set a mountain like Pikes Peak down in that hole and then place another mountain of equal size on top of the first one, the top of the second mountain wouldn't much more than stick up out of the sea and be a little island. Think of tumbling two whole ranges the size of the Rocky Mountains into a hole so big that they wouldn't fill it. I call that some hole.

Some time ago, in company with Vice-Governor Martin, I visited General Aguinaldo at his home in Cavite. The General is a very quiet, unassuming little man, and I like him. It is hard to realize that he has had such an adventurous career. He is well thought of by all classes here. He fought as hard as he could while he was fighting, but when he was captured and quit, he quit for good. He has a fine farm near Cavite and devotes all his time to farming. He seems to have had enough, and desires to lead a quiet life. showed us a hole in the wall of one of the hallways of his home, and told us he kept that hole unrepaired as a souvenir of Admiral Dewey. It was made by a shell from one of Dewey's ships that morning in May when the big guns were turned on Cavite. Aguinaldo's home is fully four miles from the Cavite naval station, but the shell evidently glanced from the water and went on out across the country. It tore quite a hole in the wall, and a washstand is placed against the opening except when the souvenir is exhibited.

I am getting tired of writing already. This is a lazy man's country. I guess that's why so many Americans like it. It is quite easy to fall into the habit of having some one to wait on you, and there is usually a "boy" at hand. Even sitting in the hotel lobby one does not get up and go to the ice water tank to get a drink of water. Just clap your hands or push the electric button and here comes the boy with your glass of water on a tray. There are no water tanks at the hotels, so you couldn't help yourself even if you wanted to. The "boy" brings your morning paper, shines your shoes, makes the beds, polishes the floors, carries your hand bag, runs all your errands, waits on table, brings your laundry; it's "Boy do this" and "Boy do that," and I am afraid it will have its influence on me, for I never liked to work any too well, anyhow. The "boy" may be old enough

to be your uncle, but he is always "boy." Even the American youngsters soon catch on, and instead of running their own errands, yell lustily for a "boy." They will get bravely over that habit when they get back in America. They are due for a rather rude awakening when they learn that they must help themselves or go without.

If laundry work wasn't so cheap there wouldn't be so many white clothes worn over here. Nearly everybody wears white, and if a man can wear a white suit more than one day without a change he is lucky. Naturally there is big laundry business, and competition is keen. The "lavandera." or washerwoman, calls and gets our laundry, takes it clear over to her home in Cavite, washes and irons the clothes nicely and brings them back, all for three cents gold per garment. What would a Kansas laundress say about washing, starching and ironing nice white lace or embroidered dresses for three cents each? The other day when the laundress called. there were only three pieces of laundry for her, as the bulk of our laundry had been given to one who called earlier. She took what we had and seemed glad to get it. Think of carrying that wash to Cavite and back and doing the work all for nine cents. Of course she had other orders at the same time, but a washerwoman in Kansas wouldn't even look at vour clothes for nine cents.

Most people who keep house here say that they let the "boy" do all the marketing. Many dealers have two prices, one for Americans and the other for Filipinos and Chinos. The boy can usually buy the goods cheaper than you can, and yet hold out a fair rakeoff for himself. One day while walking along the Escolta, the main business street, in company with my office assistant, who is a Filipino, I passed a flower peddler, and inquired the price of a bouquet of red roses. His price was seventy-five cents. I passed on and said to my

assistant: "That's too much. Those roses are not worth more than a quarter." He promptly replied: "I can buy them for that." I gave him twenty-five cents, and he returned with the roses all right. That's a fair sample. Nearly all the stores are the same way. They have the price away up, and if you pay it they are surprised, think you are a chump, but take the money. It's hard to tell when you really buy anything cheap enough unless you are pretty well posted on values. You think you have a bargain until you find some one else who has bought the same thing for less money. There are a few one-price stores, but only a few.

I guess this will be all for this time. If I tell all I know at one time I will not have anything left for future correspondence. We are in good health and are having a good time, but often get to talking about the old home and have quite a pronounced longing to see you all again.

CHAPTER XX.

A COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.

Manila, April 5, 1916.

I am enclosing herewith a copy of the Commencement address by Hon. Henderson S. Martin, Vice-Governor of the Philippine Islands, and chairman of the Board of Regents, delivered at the sixth commencement exercises of the University of the Philippines, on the University campus, yesterday morning, April 4, 1916. It was delivered in the presence of more than a thousand well-wishers and friends of the University and the 246 graduates of the class of 1916. I am sending it because it will give the reader some idea of the plans and purposes of this big University, and also because it illustrates the grasp of the situation and broadness of vision of Vice-Governor Martin. The address follows:

"It would be difficult to imagine a more pleasant situation than the one in which we find ourselves this morning—a beautiful morning, as beautiful as the Tropics can produce. Under these magnificent trees—the acacia trees—a tree that to some of you suggests interesting things, surrounded by these University buildings, the whole setting recalls the groves of Athens, those memorable groves where young men listened to the words of Socrates and of Plato, where young men were wont to assemble to study.

"For a few minutes this morning, I want to tell you something of my conception of the mission of this University. There are a great many things that ought to be done in these Islands, in this world for that matter. No assembly of people could be brought together in these Islands that would know better than you know the great things that wait to be done. No people know better than you the great

waste that comes from a failure to educate the youth of a You know the sadness of ignorance; you know the waste, the irreparable waste, of ignorance. You also know that in these Islands something like half a million boys and girls are denied the privileges of an education. Certainly such a situation appeals to every University man and to every University woman, but, my friends, this University cannot undertake directly to educate that half million boys and girls. Such an undertaking would be for this University to miss its mission, pressing, insistently pressing, as the need may be to help those boys and girls. Nobody need tell you the great waste there is in these Islands which comes from a lack of sanitation, which comes from a lack of medical knowledge; nobody can tell you how important it is, and how pressingly important it is, to save the babies of these Islands, to extend the life of usefulness of the men and women of these Islands, to take such steps as will add five years or ten years to the active life of the average man and the average woman. But, my friends, this University cannot undertake the task of saving the babies of these Islands, deplorable as it may be to lose them; it cannot undertake the task of teaching the people of these Islands the laws of sanitation; it cannot undertake directly to add ten years to the life of the average man and the average woman. take to do that work, great as it is, in my judgment would be to miss the mission for which the University is sent.

"Another thing nobody can tell you about is the pressing importance there is in these Islands for the development of agriculture, for the development of the economic interests of the people. Some of the finest islands in this archipelago, which means, my friends, some of the finest islands in all the world, fruitful beyond compare, made by the Great Creator for the residence of a multitude of men and women, I say, some of these beautiful and fruitful islands have less than one per cent of the tillable land under cultivation, while the people, some of them, are without sufficient food. Nobody can tell you the great importance, and the pressing importance, of developing the agriculture and the economic interests and resources of these Islands; but, my friends, this

University cannot directly undertake to do that. To undertake that task would, in my judgment, be to miss the mis-

sion for which the University is sent to the Islands.

"Then what is the mission of this University? If I am not mistaken, the mission of this University is to take the intellectual leadership of the Filipino people, not especially in medicine, or in law, or in agriculture, or in economics, or in science, not especially in any one of them, but, generally, in all of them. The mission of this University is to furnish to the people of these Islands scientists who go further than the other scientists have gone; physicians to point out new remedies for other men to use; lawyers who lay down principles for other men to enforce. Such is the mission of this University, to become and to remain the intellectual leader of the Filipino people, to take the unquestioned leadership in the intellectual affairs of this country. Such a mission is a great mission. It is worthy of the ambition of the best men and women you have for that matter, the best men and women of any country. And what may we hope if the University will do that? What are the great things which we may hope will come from such a leadership? Listen to me while I tell you something of a vision that comes to my mind. Of course, we all know that such a leadership would be of incalculable value to the millions of people in these Islands. I need not stop to tell you of the great things that such leadership would bring; but, my friends, if my vision is right, from such leadership we might hope for even greater things than the advantages which would come to the people of these Islands. Those of you who are acquainted with history know that in ancient times the great civilizations of the world were in the Tropics; the great cities were in the Tropics; the great agricultural communities were in the Tropics; the great libraries were in the Tropics; the great men and the great women were in the Tropics; the people of the Tropics were leaders in the world in ancient times. Somewhere, somehow, something happened. I cannot tell you where, I cannot tell you how. All I know is that something happened. All I know is that somewhere and somewhat the Tropics lost its leadership. Somewhere, on some

account, the great civilizations which once inhabited the Tropics departed: the great men who once inhabited the Tropics died. The leaders in civilization came from other sources. My friends, this University is in the Tropics. belongs in a country of ancient glory; the Tropics must be improved; the world is crowding upon the Tropics. belt which we call the Tropics has many of the most fruitful trees of our earth, trees that produce the most delicious fruits, and the greatest profusion of foods. Its soil is fertile and its products are manifold. The people of the world are hungry. They are becoming more and more hungry. The people of the world will not forever permit the Tropics to remain in the hands of people who do not assert their leadership, who do not develop the Tropics, who do not press forward to the front rank of civilized people. One of the great things that this University may do is to take the leadership among the people of the Tropics in restoring the ancient glory of the Tropics. My University friends, this is the question: Will the people of the Tropics take the leadership in the development of the Tropics, in restoring the Tropics to their ancient glory, or will they permit that to be done by people who come into the Tropics? It will be done. the people of the Tropics do it, or will they permit strangers This great University, the greatest, except in numbers, in the Tropics, may take the leadership in that magnificent work if it will. It may help the people of the Tropics to develop their countries, to bring back their ancient glory, and not permit it to be done by strangers.

"One other thing in my vision that this University may do. There is so much transportation now, so much communication between nations, between remote people of earth, that it is hard for us to understand that formerly nations scarcely communicated with each other at all. It is difficult for us to appreciate that there have been times when the people in one part of the globe scarcely knew that there were people in another part of the globe, or if they knew it, they had fantastic ideas about the character of the people. They had no intercourse, no communication, and from that condition of affairs there have grown up in the world differ-

ent peoples. There have grown up an East and a West, an Orient and an Occident. An Orient with oriental ideas, oriental customs, oriental standards, hopes, habits, and ambi-An Occident with different ideals, different standards, different hopes, and different ambitions. These two peoples, my friends, in recent years have commenced to intermingle. There have been flashes of the great danger of the future: the great danger that in the future there will be clashes between the people of the Occident and the people of the Orient. Blessed is the man or the institution that can bring these two people together, that can harmonize their ideals, and avoid a future clash. What in all this world, my friends, is more suitable to become a leader in that great work than the University of the Philippines, situated in the Orient, acquainted with the ideals, hopes and habits of the people of the Orient, familiar, as you are, with the ideals, hopes, habits, and the customs of the people of the Occident. Here it is, here you are, situated suitably to become a clearing house, situated to become a melting pot for the ideals of the people of the East and the people of the West. Some one has asked: Where does the East meet the West? Now, let me call upon you to furnish that answer. Will it be said in future years that the East and the West met in the University of the Philippines? Will it be here, my friends, amid these pleasant surroundings that the great work of harmonizing the East and the West shall be carried on?

Such is my vision of your future, if you will do it. How can you do it? How can this University become strong enough and great enough to become the intellectual leader of the Filipino people, a leader in the Tropics, a leader in the Orient? It can do so, my friends, only if it has the loyal and the active support of its friends, of the young men and the young women who have received its favors, and this morning I call upon you wherever you may go to keep the University of the Philippines in your minds and in your hearts. I call upon you to be counted as friends of the University of the Philippines. Never overlook a chance to support it, actively to support it. Count the man who is an enemy of this University an enemy of yours. See that it

has fair treatment from the Legislature, from the people; see to it that the men and women who are in charge of the University are worthy men and worthy women; see to it that its curriculum is improved year by year. You cannot become leaders by turning out a multitude of graduates. If you become a leader, it will not be on account of numbers, it will not be on account of quantity, it will be on account of quality. See to it that the men and women who leave this University improve year by year.

"My friends, in this inartistic sort of way I have indicated to you this morning what I conceive to be the mission of this University. I have told you something of my vision of this University in the future—that it may become a leader, not only among the Filipino people, but among the people of the Tropics; that it may take a leading part in an attempt to restore the ancient glory of the Tropics; that this University may become a leader in the great work of harmonizing the people of the East and the people of the

West.

"My parting request to you, young men and women, who are going out of the University this morning, is to support it, to lend the help of your strong hand—a hand that in the future may become a mighty hand."

CHAPTER XXI.

AN APPRECIATION OF VICE-GOVERNOR MARTIN.

Manila, April 30, 1916.

This is an account of the success attained by Hon. Henderson S. Martin, the distinguished Kansan who served his government for a number of years by administering the affairs of a dependent people as Vice-Governor-General and Secretary of Public Instruction in the Philippine Islands.

It is written by one who has resided in the Philippines during the time Mr. Martin has been in office. Having traveled to all parts of the Islands and met with people in all walks of life; having watched the progress made by the big, warm-hearted, forceful Kansan during his days of inexperience; having witnessed a part of the perplexities he faced and knowing something of the difficulties he met and overcame; having watched with pride his growth in the affection of the people and his development into an executive and a legislator of marked ability, it is with pleasure that I write this humble appreciation of a man who talked the Kansas language and brought Kansas ideas of sincerity, honesty and justice to an alien land.

Some idea of the size of the task assumed by Vice-Governor Martin when he accepted his appointment may be obtained from 'the statement that the total area of the Philippine Islands is nearly double the area of Kansas, and larger in fact than the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New York, combined. The total population exceeds ten million people, representing many races and types. To this country Mr.

Martin came early in the year of 1914, as Vice-Governor-General and Secretary of Public Instruction, by appointment of President Woodrow Wilson. The appointment came to him absolutely unsolicited. He had not asked for the posi-He did not know that he was even being considered for the place. The announcement of his appointment was a complete surprise. He came a stranger to the manners, customs, language, and ways of Oriental people in general. add to the difficulties of administration, the European war broke out within a few months after his arrival, which seriously affected affairs in the Philippines as in all other parts of the world. He came to the Tropics with its mixture of races, confusion of tongues, political intrigues and prejudices, with no Oriental knowledge or experience to guide him, with no chart save his native ability, and his Kansas sense of absolute justice and fair play. And with these he made good. This is the story of how he accomplished it:

Upon his arrival he kept his own counsel. He adhered to this policy consistently. He was always democratic and easily approachable, but he said little. There was never any attempt at ostentation, display or exclusiveness. The humblest resident of the Islands could gain an audience with him with the assurance that his affairs would receive sympathetic attention. He talked when it was necessary. When it was not necessary to talk he was silent. Often those who came to sound him found themselves the interviewed party. All his skill as a trained lawyer was brought into play. He was master of the art of cross-examination. There was never a word of condemnation of the work of his predecessors. Neither was there rosy promise of what the so-called "New Era" would accomplish. There was work to be done, and he resolved to do it.

The duties he assumed in the Philippines were of two dis-

tinct classes, administrative and legislative. Under the former class as Vice-Governor and Secretary of Public Instruction he had immediate supervision and control of the following branches of the government: Bureau of Education, Bureau of Agriculture, Bureau of Prisons, Bureau of Supply, Bureau of Printing, University of the Philippines, and Philippine Library.

Thus nearly half of the active and important divisions of the Philippine government were under his immediate direc-The Bureau of Education alone has a total of 10,923 Filipino and American employees engaged in educational work. The Bureau of Supply, the big purchasing agency for the government, expended great sums annually that required careful supervision. The Bureau of Agriculture maintained a personnel of scientific men and trained experts in tropic agriculture, as well as a score of experimental and demonstration farms throughout the provinces, a well organized veterinary and animal husbandry division, pest control, fiber division, department of cooperative organization. and a field force of nearly one hundred trained agricultural inspectors who carried practical instruction to the farmers on their own farms. The splendid University, the big free Library, the well-administered Bureau of Prisons, all felt the touch of his guiding hand and the impress of his forceful character as he assumed his duties and became familiar with local conditions. In the administration of those various activities there has never been a charge of mismanagement or scandal of any sort, a fine tribute to his foresight and executive ability. Added to the above duties, at times during the absence of the Governor-General he assumed complete charge of all affairs of the government, which were always creditably administered.

Great as has been his work as an executive, and successful

beyond question, it is equaled and probably surpassed as to lasting benefits to the country by his legislative record in his capacity as a member of the Philippine Commission, or upper house, of the Legislature. It is a record unequaled by any of his predecessors, and one in which he has just cause for pride. Here are some of the leading laws of which he was the author and which through his influence and energy were enacted: Rural Credit Law, Immunization Law, Work Animals Insurance Law, Infant Industry Law, Usury Law, Law Establishing Philippine National Bank, Household Industries Law, and "Blue Sky" Law.

The effects of this legislation will be felt in the Philippine Islands for generations. It will go on and on, exerting its wholesome influence in the great scheme of Philippine devel-In Kansas, where we have laws to regulate every line of human conduct, and a few others thrown in for good measure, the full importance of the legislation listed above may not be readily apparent. To those at all familiar with Oriental conditions it is a well known fact that usury is an established, thoroughly well-intrenched business in all countries of the Far East, a means by which the poor are exploited. Therefore in the Philippines where for centuries the grip of the usurer has been a veritable stranglehold upon the neck of the small farmer, the enactment and enforcement of a law against usury was all but revolutionary, and an attainment worthy the highest statesmanship. The wholesome effects of this legislation, the breaking of the chains of financial servitude, will continue to be apparent, not only in the Philippines, but it will in time extend to the toiling, oppressed millions throughout the entire Orient, for the advancement made in the Philippines is sure to serve as an example and an inspiration to other countries.

In a country where the rinderpest disease causes the death

of thousands of work animals every year, the immunization law, which appropriates funds for the establishment of immunization stations, where trained veterinarians with scientific equipment immunize animals against the disease on payment of a nominal fee by the owner, is a veritable godsend to the agriculturist, who certainly has his full share of difficulties and discouragements in this tropic land. Of equal if not greater value is the Work Animals Insurance Law, which provides that upon payment of a small fee the owner may insure his animals, and thus further protect himself. Think of the opposition all this legislation met at the hands of the favored classes, who through tradition and custom had grown to consider their system as a vested right, and you begin to grasp the full meaning and tremendous importance of this legislation to the masses of the people of the Philippines.

The "Blue Sky" Law regulating investments was another Kansas idea transplanted on alien land, where it is today safeguarding investors, as it is doing at home.

The idea of a National Bank for the Philippines, a bank with sufficient funds to furnish capital to agricultural as well as commercial interests, originated with Vice-Governor Martin. He framed the law. He gave the draft of the proposed law the widest possible publicity. He solicited advice. criticism and discussion of the measure. He carried the bill through to successful enactment and assisted with the organization of this bank with a capital of \$10,000,000, an institution of the utmost economic value in the present development of the country. Without exception the banks in the Philippines were branches of European or American institutions, conducted for the sole purpose of producing dividends for the foreign shareholders. There are provinces in the Philippines with twice as many people as Wyandotte County,

Kansas, that have never had a bank of any kind. With this condition existing, the need of the big Philippine National Bank is readily apparent.

Another important aid to development was his Infant Industry Law, in which provision was made that any new agricultural, commercial or industrial enterprise about to be undertaken, and one that it would serve the public good for the government to aid, the insular government could guarantee interest or dividends on the capital invested in such enterprise for a period of not to exceed five years and in an amount not to exceed five per cent per annum of the net profits of such enterprise, in which all or at least sixty per centum of the capital invested was Philippine capital, should be entitled to this guaranty.

The Household Industry Law was for the protection and aid of the laborers in the home, the wife and children. It was a direct blow at "sweat shop" methods of unscrupulous dealers, who exploited the poor, weak, helpless toilers. Through the Bureau of Education and the Bureau of Supply there was perfected an organization of producers of household industries, the makers of embroidery, hats, laces, baskets and the like. Standard patterns were furnished, uniform grades of work established, and a reliable market at a fair price was found for these products.

The above is by no means a complete list of the activities of Vice-Governor Martin. He organized the Public Welfare Board, and as chairman of the same rendered active and efficient service to the public during his residence in the Islands. Up to the time of his arrival there had been no system to public charities. The Legislature was asked from time to time to appropriate funds for various charitable purposes. Thus the enterprise backed by the biggest "pull" often secured the prize, and other deserving charitable proj-

ects got nothing. The Public Welfare Board now has complete supervision of all public charities. Now the Legislature makes the appropriation for charities in a lump sum, which is distributed at the discretion of the Board. insures a square deal for even the humblest charity.

He fostered the idea of coöperation in the Islands, not only through the Rural Credit and Coöperative Insurance laws, but by the organization of coöperative agricultural societies in nearly every province and municipality. When this work was first started the word "coöperation" was practically unknown among the rural population of the Philippines, but the idea once planted has grown rapidly and will continue to demonstrate the power of combined action and unity of purpose.

His record in the Islands was an honorable, continuous, sympathetic effort to alleviate distress, to better conditions, and to extend to all the people the American and typically the Kansas idea of a square deal. Soon after the opening of the European war, many dealers saw the opportunity for a corner in food stuffs, and prices at once began to soar. Rice, a staple food product, will serve as an illustration. When prices advanced beyond reason, the government cable ship was promptly sent to Saigon for a cargo of rice, which was offered to consumers at practically cost. The effect on dealers was at once apparent, and the combination surrendered. This prompt action brought prices back to normal. Offers to turn loose the immense stores of provisions held by the United States Army had a similar wholesome effect and saved consumers millions of dollars. At one time a corner on meat products sent prices soaring, but through the Bureau of Agriculture the quarantine on importation of cattle from China was temporarily suspended and an importation of cattle soon taught the combination that their scheme was a failure. As late as the year 1916 prices on canned milk, a necessity in the Philippines, took a big jump and threatened to go even higher. This promptly brought forth an order to the Bureau of Supply, authorizing that division to purchase canned milk in quantities sufficient to meet all demands and to sell the same to consumers in all parts of the Islands at cost plus a small profit. The order alone was sufficient to restore prices to a normal level.

Thus were administrative and legislative conditions met, and met squarely by the Vice-Governor. His success was in many ways phenomenal, and was due to his big warmheartedness, his fund of accumulated knowledge of Oriental conditions, his sympathy with the people whose welfare was for the time being in his charge, his fidelity of purpose, his untiring energy, the scrupulous care given his health, his ability to work, his frankness, his large vision, his sense of justice and equity, and an intense ambition to be of service. These were the leading characteristics that account for his popularity and the success of his administration. While administering the affairs of a country as large as four or five states at home, there was no evidence that his success unduly elated him. He lived the plain, unassuming life of the everyday Kansan, merely transferred to a larger, more useful field. He was big, clean, wholesome, active, and efficient. Every working day found him at his desk by 7 in the morning, often earlier. The amount of work he accomplished was often a matter of amazement to the easy-going residents of the Orient. The entangling allurements of the Far East had no charm for him. He had a man's work to do and he performed it in all sincerity. For a time his frankness and his "Kansas language" were no doubt a puzzle to the Filipinos, but in time they learned to know him, to trust him, and to rely upon him with the utmost confidence as their friend.

At one time a big farmers' congress was held in Manila. This congress was composed of prominent farmers from all parts of the Islands. The writer was asked to address them, and knowing the baleful effects of usury in the Islands, and that the small farmers who were being squeezed by its effects would not be at this meeting, determined to speak for them by denouncing the practice of usury in no uncertain Then, considering the fact that the 500 prominent farmers assembled at the congress were nearly all profiting by the system, I thought that possibly the dose had been made too strong and unpalatable. The day I was to deliver it, I decided to submit this part of the address to Vice-Governor Martin and ask his advice. After I had finished reading it to him he said very quietly, but firmly: "Your statements are true. Go in and deliver the address just as it is. So long as we remain here, we must tell the people the truth. Tell them what is good for them whether they like it or not. If they don't like it, we can go back home, but we can't afford to compromise on questions like that."

On the occasion of his visit to the big sugar district at San Carlos, on the island of Negros, where a splendid, modern sugar mill had been erected, he inspected the plantation thoroughly as the guest of the rich planters who owned the mill. He was particularly interested in the status of the laborers in the district. He visited their quarters, inspected the food furnished them, inquired about the wages paid, etc-His activities in this line aroused the curiosity of the planters. They found out his reasons later when they asked him to address the leading planters of the district. He complimented them on their enterprise in erecting a modern sugar mill and the splendid prospects they had. He said in part:

"This new mill and your fertile plantations will make you rich. You are especially favored and sure to prosper. But

let me warn you here and how, that if you wish to continue to prosper, if you desire to live in comfort and enjoy the peaceful possession of your wealth, you must not fail to properly care for the laborers on your plantations, the people who make your prosperity possible. They must be given a reasonable chance. They may stand neglect and oppression for a time, but in the end such a policy is sure to result in disaster."

At one time I had the pleasure of listening to an address he made to a crowd of about forty young American school teachers just arrived from the homeland. They were about to be assigned to duty in the schools in the provinces. After a stirring talk along the lines of the possibilities and opportunities for good then opening for them, he said:

"Let me impress upon you as forcibly as I can the importance of being in sympathy with the people you are going to serve. If you find that you are not in sympathy with their hopes, ambitions and ideals, do not hesitate, but let us know at once. Far better to return home promptly than to try to continue a task with which you are not in perfect accord."

In other words, yet with the same high sense of duty that prompted another famous American, Col. Goethals, down on the Canal Zone, to pick out the occasional misfit and say to him in all kindness: "My man, you are not making good. This work is too big an undertaking to be trifled with. The next boat sails for the homeland within five days. You must go."

It was in this spirit that Vice-Governor Martin faithfully met his duties in the Philippines, sobered no doubt by the grave responsibilities and a desire to accomplish as much as possible in a field where there was so much to do. There was the need of education, of development, of constructive legislation, of a common language, of a national thought and

of a unity of purpose on the part of the people. One day I asked him what had been his greatest disappointment since coming to the Islands, and he unhesitatingly replied:

"My inability to give all the children a chance to go to school. I tell you it hurts when I go out to the provinces, and have parents fairly beg me to provide some opportunity for educating their children, when we are already doing the best we can. We are practicing the most rigid economy in every other department in order to extend the public school system as rapidly as possible. War has unsettled finances. Revenues are insufficient. The people as a rule are pitifully poor. We now have over 600,000 children in school in these Islands, and that, mind you, in a country where for centuries education was denied to all but the favored few. Parents and children alike are clamoring for education. is the salvation of their country, and they know it. It is the biggest work I have had to do here. The fact that 600,000 are in school now would be more consolation were it not for the fact that this number could be easily increased to a million if we only had the means."

The fact that 600,000 children were being educated in a land where in former times there were no public schools, did not impress him. It was the cry of the 400,000 still denied school advantages that appealed to him with overwhelming force. And thus it has been with him always; his big heart, keen mind and active body alert and in sympathy with the unfortunate and the dependent.

And in this manner Henderson Martin paved the way for progress, enlightenment, prosperity, justice and equality. He made a record which, though not told in song and story. will yet have its place in history for its lasting effect upon the destiny of the people of the Philippines. The things he accomplished are cherished in the hearts of the Filipinos and his own countrymen, and are an especial source of pride and inspiration to the loval sons and daughters of Kansas.

CHAPTER XXII.

INTER-ISLAND TRAVEL.

Manila, May 5, 1916.

In pleasant weather there is nothing more enjoyable to me than traveling around among these islands by boat. sea is then smooth, and one is never out of sight of land. The little green islands with their feathery, waving palms; the glistening coral beaches; the green mountains often mounting up among the clouds and covered with verdure to their summits, are sights that are always beautiful. are little isolated islands here and there on which may be only a light-house, and on some not even a sign of human habitation. These small islands are often surrounded by submerged coral reefs, and big boats cannot approach close It is along these coral reefs that some of the best fishing in the islands may be obtained, by trolling from a light launch. A coral shoal may be easily distinguished in fair weather by the color of the sea. The sea is usually a deep blue, but near a shoal it takes on various shades of pale green that are easily detected.

All this of course is when the sea is calm and the weather is fine. It is all changed in rough weather. I have lost all desire to cruise among the Philippine Islands when a typhoon signal is up. No matter where the typhoon may be located, if in Philippine waters, the storm is of such vast extent that there is sure to be much wind and rough waves, no matter if the storm center is a hundred miles away. One time I crossed the Sulu Sea, from Puerto Princesa, Palawan, to San Jose, Antique, in a coast-guard cutter, when a south-

west monsoon was fairly whooping things up. The waves fairly stood our little steamer on her head sometimes and at other times she would lurch sideways until the life-boats swinging opposite the upper deck would dip into the sea. For twenty-four hours no food was on the table. It wouldn't have remained there anyway, and besides, we were not particularly hungry under the circumstances. I remember that at one time I stood in my stateroom with half a cup of coffee firmly held in both hands—and then spilled it. At another time I was sitting in a chair at the rear of my room when the boat gave a great lunge and the chair started to slide. put both feet on the floor and tried to stop, but I continued to slide clear to the door, which I grabbed and sat there looking across the slanting deck down into a hole in the sea that looked tremendously deep. The next moment we were wafted up on the crest of another big wave and were then ready for another downward plunge. You can call that fun if you want to, but somehow I failed to enjoy it. There is always the suspicion when you take one of those plunges and the waves break over the deck that possibly the boat will not rise out of it. That would be a decidedly unpleasant predicament, and one can't help thinking about it at such times.

My destination was San Jose, which we reached at 4:30 in the morning. The captain called me and pointing off through the gray mist, tumbling waves and flying spray, said: "There's your town over there." It was about a mile away, and there was no harbor, which meant go ashore in a small boat if at all. I asked the captain if it was dangerous to attempt to go ashore, and he replied: "It is not only dangerous, it is impossible." That settled it for me, as I assure you I had no desire to attempt to perform the impossible that morning, so I haven't been to San Jose yet. We

headed down the Panay coast for the harbor at Iloilo. Number two typhoon signal was flying, and just as we were threading our way through the shoals getting into port a Rain came in torrents until one could not squall struck us. see ten feet away from the boat. I never saw a captain get busy so quickly. He cussed in several languages, but finally got the anchor heaved over, and we held our own until things cleared up a little and we were able to make the harbor. never was so glad to get my feet onto something solid as I was that day when I got out onto the concrete wharf at Iloilo. In fact, I had been rocked so much that for a time after landing it seemed to me that the solid wharf was pitching and bucking like a broncho. I am no great hand for this "life on the ocean wave" business, especially if there happens to be much of a wave. It is decidedly disconcerting to a tenderfoot from the reliable plains of Kansas.

Another queer thing encountered in inter-island travel is the ocean currents. The ocean flows in regular rivers between some of the islands. In places one can easily locate these streams flowing along a mile or two in width, flowing steadily, often rapidly. One place in the archipelago there is always rough water—the San Bernardino Straights near the southern extrmity of the island of Luzon. That place is the English Channel of the Philippines, and few people make the trip through the Straits without becoming seasick. That's where I got mine, all right. It was the only time I have been seasick in all my travels over here, and I have had some rough experiences. But I was sick enough then to make up for lost time. I was on the steamer Albay going from Manila to Legaspi in the province of Albay. It is really too serious a topic to write about.

It was on this same trip that I witnessed one of the prettiest sights I have seen over here. After coming out of the

Straits and rounding the southern part of the island of Luzon, there is a long stretch of coral reefs extending for miles along the shore, averaging about a mile away from the shore and parallel with the same. The long reef is submerged, but it takes the full surge of the Pacific, acting as a break-water. From the reef back to the green shore there is quiet water nearly a mile wide all up and down the coast. But as the sweep of the waters of the Pacific met this coral barrier they spouted up into the air like great fountains. There was a continuous display all along the coast for miles. No part of the reef was visible, but it was there firmly enough, for the water spouted straight up into the air sometimes fifteen to twenty feet high. At hundreds of places along the line these displays were going on, constantly changing, the white spray shooting in all directions. Behind all the display was quiet water clear back to the green shore. It was a novel, pretty and interesting sight in mild weather. I can't imagine what it would look like in a storm.

I like the sea when it behaves itself. I don't know where I learned to like it, having spent all my life in an inland state until I came to the Philippines. Possibly this desire for the sea dates back to my Irish ancestry. I have been told that my great-great grandfather was an Irish sea captain. Even here in Manila, wife and I go over to the bay quite often and sit on the big rocks on the shore until the sun sinks behind the mountains across the bay, away over toward Corregidor, and the twilight falls and the lights twinkle over at Cavite and the ships in the harbor are merely outlined by their lights in the gathering dusk, and it all has a charm for me.

There are at this writing about a dozen German steamers in the bay that have been here since August, 1914, when they headed for this neutral port at the outbreak of the war. They are beginning to look rather weather-beaten and deserted, as they have been wabbling around at anchor for nearly two years. Then there are always several steamers in the bay, new arrivals and boats loading or ready to depart. There are occasional warships, torpedo boats, little chugging gasoline launches, pretty sail-boats, tugs, lighters and bancas, and it all makes quite an animated scene, especially interesting to us because it is all so strange and foreign to anything ever seen in our home country. We average two or three evenings a week at the bay shore, and there is always something new to see. I am getting used to the people and their manners, customs and dress; all seem quite common and the natural thing after a residence of nearly two years in the Philippines; but the sea is always new and interesting. Whenever I see a big steamer swing out into the bay past the breakwater, I have a longing to be on board, whether she is headed for America or not. I guess I must have contracted a case of wanderlust, for I really wouldn't like anything better than to go on a long, long cruise on some good ship with congenial company, with the proviso that she would, of course, land us some day back on the shores of good old America.

It is pleasant as can be over here. I know of shrubs that have had blossoms on them every month in the year ever since we have been here. Last week passengers arriving from America said they were in quite a snow-storm at Yokohama, Japan, as they were coming over. It seems queer to even think of such a thing here. Snow, sleet, hail, frost, even chilly winds, are all unknown to the Filipino unless he has been away from home. There is snow in the Orient, but it is so far north of this country that even the frosty breath of it is never wafted to these favored isles.

It has now been about two years since we left home. In

fact, it will be three years in September since I left the old print shop and went home to wrestle with typhoid fever. And I haven't had much to do with the old home paper since that time. It really doesn't seem so long since that September day in 1913 when I left the office so terribly tired. I didn't realize then that I was to have typhoid, or to visit Dr. Axtell, or go to the Philippines, or give up work in the newspaper shop where I had grown to be a regular fixture during nearly a quarter of a century of continuous service. But one can't always tell about such things, anyway. I am at least glad to be alive and kicking, and glad to get the old home paper regularly. I drop everything when it comes and rip the wrapper off, for it contains news from home, and every type in it is a familiar face. I am in good health and feeling fine, although what little hair I have left is beginning to look quite silvery. Can it be possible that I am getting Mrs. Cretcher has better health here than she ever had at home and likes the country fine. It just suits her. She takes spells when she declares the weather is cold, and wraps herself in a steamer rug. It makes me perspire just to look at her. It is just a delusion. It is never cold here, but it must be fine to think it is. I can't fool myself that way. I've tried it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AGRICULTURE AND EDUCATION.

Manila, July 30, 1916.

Since writing you last I have received a promotion. By authority of Governor-General Harrison, confirmed by the Philippine Commission, I have been appointed Assistant Director of Agriculture and chief of the Administrative Division of the Bureau of Agriculture, effective July 1, 1916. Mr. Hernandez, who is now Director, is at present on an extended trip of inspection in the provinces, and I am in full charge of the Bureau during his absence. I have not written much concerning the activities of this Bureau. It has over 800 employees at the present time, so you may know there is some responsibility in directing this work. The direction of the Administrative Division alone is a fairly large job. These employees are paid twice a month. That means a good many government warrants have to be issued, every one of which I must sign. Warrants are also written covering traveling expenses of all field employees and for everything purchased by the Bureau. Every requisition for supplies, no matter how small, passes through my hands for approval and signature. All correspondence with the Insular Auditor and the Director of Civil Service regarding these 800 employees bears my signature. Also all vouchers must be signed by me, besides all the regular correspondence of the Bureau now that the Director is absent. I have not kept count, but I would venture the guess that from 300 to 500 papers, warrants, requisitions, vouchers, letters and documents pass through my hands every day for approval and

signature, so you may know my time is reasonably well occupied during business hours.

There are six grand divisions in the Bureau of Agriculture, namely, Animal Husbandry, Veterinary, Administration, Demonstration and Extension, Plant Industry, and Fiber. Each of these divisions has a chief, and under each division there are various branches, designated as sections, with a chief in charge of each section. Under these section chiefs the activities of the Bureau are carried out by the general office and field force. Take for example, the Administrative Division, of which I am chief. You see I am not only Acting Director and Assistant Director, but also in active charge of the Administrative Division. This division is divided into the following sections: General service, accounting, property, records, publications, statistics, construction and repair, and American colonies. And this is only one of the six big divisions. Animal Husbandry is divided into animal selection and distribution, improved breeding, and poultry. Veterinary has disease control, quarantine and meat inspection, and veterinary research. Demonstration and Extension includes agricultural demonstration, cooperative organization and marketing (the job I used to have), rural credit and work animal insurance. The Plant Industry directs the sections of agronomy, horticulture and pest control, and the Fiber Division includes the sections of fiber investigation and government fiber inspection.

Under these various divisions and sections are grouped such experts as sugar technologists, tobacco experts, agricultural inspectors, fiber experts, superintendents of experiment stations and stock farms, besides the large clerical and executive force stationed permanently at the central office of the Bureau. From the above you can see that as a new man on this job of being the executive and administrative head of this force I haven't much time to become either homesick or lonesome. I hope the Director will return soon. My job as assistant is big enough for the time being, without trying to be Director also.

Agriculture is in a primitive state here. In fact, back home it wouldn't be called agriculture. The people are poor and have much to contend with. They have few work animals, and the few they have often die with a sickness called rinderpest. The locusts are also a great pest. They are the same kind as those old, long, migratory grasshoppers that devastated Kansas in 1874. They are present in some part of the Islands all the time. They breed in the mountains and waste places, and suddenly swoop out in great swarms and destroy the crops, and it seems almost impossible to rid the country of them. Our Bureau is doing all it can to improve agricultural conditions, but if a Kansas farmer could see our line of so-called "modern" farm machinery he would certainly laugh at it. Yet these people must crawl before they walk, and it is a big step from an old wooden plow and bamboo harrow to the "modern" little one-handled iron plow and sectional steel harrow. Besides, they haven't the animals to handle big machinery even if it were available, so for some time to come such machinery would be Their work animals are mostly carabaos (water useless. They are great big slow-moving brutes, but they are about the only animal that can be worked in a rice paddy on account of the mud.

One of the big exports from the Philippines is copra. Do you know what that is? It is the dried meat of cocoanuts. The farmer who grows cocoanuts has a much more attractive occupation than that of the rice grower. A cocoanut plantation is a pretty sight. The trees are tall, slender and graceful. The nuts are gathered, husked, split open, and

the meat dried, either in the sun or in drying frames over a slow fire. This product known as copra is then shipped all over the world. Copra contains an oil which is used in making soap, toilet articles, butter and many other preparations.

Ever hear of abaca? That is another big export product. Abaca, or Manila hemp, is a fiber taken from a plant called wild banana. In fact, it is hard for a tenderfoot to tell an abaca plant from the regular banana. Some of this abaca fiber, when properly stripped, is beautiful. The strands are sometimes over twelve feet long, very strong, white and silvery. This is the only country that produces this fiber in quantities. The best quality is used for the manufacture of hats, braids, etc., and the other grades are used for making rope, cordage and twine. It is the toughest, strongest fiber in the world. There is a big export trade in abaca, England, Japan, and the United States being the heaviest buyers. Japan buys only the best grades. Nearly every steamer goes out loaded with bales that have been inspected and graded by the government.

The most influential farmers in the Islands are the sugar planters. Many of them are wealthy, have big estates, use real modern farm implements, and are wide awake. Yet most of the sugar produced is of poor quality on account of being made in very crude mills. Modern sugar mills cost a lot of money, but several localities are putting in central factories. and there promises to be a big development of the sugar industry during the next few years.

The country does not grow enough rice to supply the home demand. Over three million pesos worth of rice was shipped into the Philippines last year. Rice is the staple food for more than half the people of the world, but instead of growing it on a big scale as they do in Louisiana and Texas, the

people here puddle around in little fields often less than one hundred feet square, wallow through mud and water with a carabao and an old wooden plow, plant the crop by hand, a stalk at a time, harvest it with a hand-sickle, thresh it by tramping the grain out with their feet or with the carabao's feet, hull it by pounding it with a club in a thing that looks like a hollow stump, and finally get it ready to eat if the locusts don't beat them to it. No wonder the copra, abaca and sugar farmers are in the majority. I wouldn't grow rice that way, either, if I could make a living any other way. Of course rice is produced in some localities on a more modern plan, but such places are few and far between.

Tobacco of good quality is grown here, and cigars are very cheap, so cheap that nearly everybody smokes. Cigars as good as the average five-cent cigars at home can be bought here at four for a nickel, and other grades in proportion. There are several large cigar factories in Manila, and millions of cigars and cigarettes are exported. Practically none of the tobacco is manufactured into chewing tobacco. The native chews beetle-nut, and the American who chews gets his favorite brand from home. The choicest tobacco in the Islands comes from the provinces of Cagayan and Isabela in northern Luzon.

In this land of the cocoanut, few ripe nuts are eaten by the people. The children back home who crack a cocoanut at Christmas time and think they have quite a treat, may be surprised to learn that here where the nuts grow the meat is seldom eaten after it becomes hard. The delicacy here is to open a green nut, scoop out the soft, slippery pulp with a spoon, add sugar and the milk of the cocoanut, stir it well, and then drink it. I have tried it, and do not relish it. It is too much like trying to suck an egg. Sometimes the meat of the nut is ground and made into a confection that

is pretty good, but you can travel for miles through cocoanut groves and not see one person eating the nuts. The nuts are nearly all made into copra. Sugar-cane is a much greater favorite with the Filipinos than the cocoanut. The cane is cut up into joints, and is on sale at nearly every store as a "dulce," or sweet, and whenever one goes out in the provinces people may be seen peeling a joint of sugarcane and chewing away on the pulp. The children seem especially fond of the cane, and I presume it is pretty good. I can remember how I used to chew sorghum-cane with great relish as a kid during the pioneer days in Kansas, and I presume the real sugar-cane is a much better article, although I haven't tried it.

The fruits here are nearly all strange to Americans, all except possibly the oranges and bananas. Thenative oranges are of poor quality, but some of the bananas are the finest I ever tasted. There are hundreds of varieties, and one seldom knows what he will get until the fruit is peeled and tasted. Other native fruits are strangers, and the taste for most of them needs to be acquired. There are mangoes, lanzons, chicoes, mangosteens, duhats, papayas, and many other varieties. I never will forget the first mango I tackled. It tasted like somebody had spilled turpentine or carbide on it. I couldn't eat it at all. Now I think it one of the finest of fruits. It is certainly the king of fruits in the Philippines.

Fish are so plentiful that people seldom think of fishing for sport, except fellows who have plenty of time and money and can hire a cutter and go off on a two-weeks' cruise and troll in a gasoline launch on the coral shoals for big fish. I have tried that once or twice. It is great sport if the weather is cloudy. If the sun shines, the reflection on the water fairly blisters one, and then there is a week or two of paying for the fun while the skin peels. Fish are so plentiful that

if a man went out and tried to catch a few with a pole and line the people would think there was something the matter with him. Why fish, when you can take your pick from a boatload for ten centavos? Then again, in the bay and rivers around Manila there is always the suspicion that the fish may not be very good to eat, so there is not much local sport with the fishing line.

I have already told you something about the Bureau of Agriculture. Possibly you would be interested in the work of another Bureau over here, the Bureau of Education. It is so much bigger than our Bureau that we can't make much of a comparison. The Bureau of Education has 10,420 Filipino and 503 American employees on its pay-roll, a grand total of nearly 11,000 employees. The total amount expended for educational purposes annually is above four million dollars. There are over 600,000 children in the public schools here today, and at least 300,000 more that would gladly go to school if they had the chance, but funds are not available to furnish them educational advantages. These schools are not confined to the enlightened districts, either. There are public schools up among the Igorots in the mountains and down among the Moros of Mindanao and Sulu.

These buildings are in most instances of reinforced concrete built on a standard plan, of unit construction so that they may be enlarged and extended when necessary. Some of the most modern school buildings I have ever seen are right here in the Philippines, and yet you folks grin and talk about our being out here "among the heathen." And all this educational system has been built since American occupation eighteen years ago next month. Before that time the poorer classes had no hope of ever attaining an education, for edu-

cation was then only for the chosen few—decidedly few from what I can learn.

Of course Philippine schools are not up to the standard of our schools at home in some ways, but to be candid, they are better in some respects, in agricultural and industrial training, for instance. School gardens are a feature of nearly every rural school, and teachers and supervisors give much care to supervision of home gardens of the students as well. Each province has its trade school, and industrial work is taught in all public schools. Boys are taught gardening, basket-making, furniture-making and other industries, and the girls are given instruction in domestic science, commercial embroidery, and many other useful occupations, depending on the locality.

True, the English in these schools may not be up to your ideas of the mother tongue, but the children are learning. It was all new to them. In many instances they are now being instructed by Filipino teachers who know but little more of correct English than the students themselves. But what more could one expect? The country is miserably There is a cry from all quarters for education. is not enough money to pay for the educational system as it is run now, let alone trying to fill all the teaching positions with high-priced American teachers. All are doing their level best, and under the circumstances it is really a great Think of 600,000 boys and girls learning to read, to write and to work intelligently who never had such an opportunity before. They may not be learning the best of English, but they are getting some knowledge of it, and at the same time are being taught some useful vocation, something that will help them make a living, and that is something in which our schools at home are deficient at the present time.

People are much the same the world over, and the youngsters of the Philippines are no exception. Many, too many, of the young men, especially near the big towns, have the idea that the one ambition in life should be to obtain a clerkship, a government job, or to become a doctor or a lawyer. They want a job that will permit them to wear good clothes. They want to carry a fountain pen. They have a burning desire to be big and important. It is not a discreditable ambition, either. But a country can't be all doctors, lawyers and clerks. Somebody has to do the industrial work. Somebody must cultivate the soil. The young people, not only in the Philippines but in America as well, need to be taught that work is honorable, no matter what the honest labor may be. That honest service is the most important thing in life. That's why the educational work here along agricultural and industrial lines deserves credit. That is why our schools at home should do more of this same kind of educational work. Over here a lawver is termed an "abogado" in Spanish, and you would be surprised to see the number of "abogados" and "medicos" that are being turned out. The field is already overcrowded, and yet I can hardly blame a young fellow for wanting to be an "abogado" or a "medico," in preference to tramping around in mud up to his knees behind a carabao in a rice paddy. If it came to a choice between that kind of farming and being an "abogado," I believe I would prefer to be an "abogado." too.

I have met many of the children in my travels and I like them. They are bright, quick to learn, intelligent and very interesting. Some of them are very good looking, with their beautiful bright eyes, brown skin, pearly white teeth, and sound bodies. I look at them and often wonder if they will continue as bright and interesting when they attain manhood and womanhood, or if they will deteriorate into the careless, listless condition of so many of the middle class people of I sincerely hope not. If the tropical climate turns these bright boys and girls into such men and women as some of those found in these Islands today, it is really too bad, and they should be sent some place where they would have a better chance. But I really do not believe they have such a future in store. They are too bright, too keen, too quick to learn. I believe that the next generation will show much improvement, and that as time goes on the race is sure to improve and profit by the lessons of health, sanitation, business integrity and general educational advantages that we have brought to them. Possibly the wish is father of the thought, but I am hopeful for the younger generation. It doesn't seem possible that the benefits of education could be extended to over half a million young people annually without having great and lasting results.

I am intensely interested in the Bureau of Agriculture, because that is where my work is, but I do not underestimate the great work that is being accomplished by the Bureau of Education with its 11,000 enthusiastic Filipino and American employees. So if you happen to think about these Islands, do not become puffed up with your own complacent importance and imagine that all the rest of the country is "heathen." The way the people of Europe have been acting for the past two years would indicate that there is more "heathen" element in that highly civilized land than could ever be assembled in these favored islands. Filipinos are a good deal better off and happier by far right now than most of the boasted nations of Europe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LUZON.

Manila, August 14, 1916.

Most of the letters I have written have been of personal experiences and observation, the little happenings that have served to make like interesting for the Kansas tenderfoot in the Tropics, because I thought they might interest your readers. However, it seems to me that a little information about the Islands in a general way would also be interesting. How much do you know about the Philippine Islands, anyway? How much does the average man at home know about them? Well, if he doesn't know any more about them than I did when I sailed from San Francisco, he isn't overburdened with information. There are hundreds of islands in the Philippine archipelago. How many of them can you name? Let's begin with the island of Luzon. It is probably the largest island in the group, with Mindanao a close second. Luzon is the most northern island of the archipelago that is of any size. The little group of islands called the Batanes are still north of Luzon, but they are of little importance. Luzon, then, is the most northern and by far the most important island of the Philippines. It is a long. irregular island, extending over 450 miles from north to south and probably 120 miles wide at the widest part. That statement shows that it is longer than the state of Kansas, but much narrower. It does not contain near the area of Kansas, as in places the island is quite narrow.

Manila, the most important city in the Philippines, is located on Manila Bay on the west coast of the island of

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Luzon, about midway of the island from north to south. Manila and the provinces close adjoining are the home of the Tagalog Filipino people, probably the dominant native class, although the Visayan and other sections would no doubt question this statement. Much of the fighting with the American troops took place in and around Manila, so that names like Corregidor, the island fort at the entrance to Manila Bay, Cavite, where Dewey pounded the Spanish fleet and where the first American troops landed, Caloocan, Calumpit, San Mateo, and towns on Laguna de Bay, are all rather familiar to Americans, or were at one time.

But let's return to an inspection of this big island of Luzon, and begin at the extreme north, where we first find the great tobacco-producing provinces of Cagayan and Isabela, where the finest tobacco in the Islands is produced, especially in the fertile lands along the Cagayan River. South of this the land becomes mountainous and of little value for agricultural purposes. This great territory south to the province of Nueva Ecija, is called the mountain provinces, with the capital at Baguio in the sub-province of Benguet, at an elevation of nearly 5,000 feet. It is always quite cool at Baguio, and the town is therefore quite a resort for the people down on the plains of central Luzon, who swelter in heat a good part of the year. In the mountain provinces are the wild people that attract so much attention at home, and are supposed to be the class of people that inhabit the whole of the Philippine Islands. There are many different tribes of these wild folks. They are not even called Filipinos by the people here, and in fact they are not Filipinos. are or were savages, the same as our American Indians. But they are making rapid strides in civilization. They are anxious to have schools established, and are becoming orderly much more quickly than did our Indians. They wear huge brass ornaments, deck their hair out in tufts of feathers, beat brass tom-toms, and put on fantastic dances very much resembling the antics of our Indians. And their tribes, the Igorots, Bontocs, Ifugaos, Apayaos, Kalingas, Lepantos, and many others, differ in characteristics much the same as our Kiowas, Cheyennes, Apaches, Osages, Kaws, and so on. They are strictly mountain people, and are seldom seen in the other part of the island. They are good specimens physically but of low order mentally.

On the west or China sea coast of Luzon from the extreme north extending down the coast to the province of Pangasinan are the provinces of Ilocos Norte, Ilocos Sur, and La Union, in the order named. This is the land of the Ilocanos. They are civilized, hard working people, probably the most industrious people in the Islands. I like the Ilocanos. They are hospitable, intelligent, and good farmers as farming goes in the Philippines. Their Ilocano dialect is a separate and distinct language from the Tagalog or any of the other local tongues, although there are many words in common. The Ilocanos are hustlers, and are moving out from their home provinces and homesteading all over the northern provinces, something the average Filipino seldom does.

The next big province to the south is Pangasinan, which is probably the richest agricultural province in the Islands, rice being the staple crop. The people of this province also have a language all their own. Following on down the coast are the provinces of Zambales and Bataan, which are on the thumb which extends from Pangasinan down to Corregidor at the entrance to Manila Bay, with the bay on the Bataan province side and Zambales next to the China Sea. These people speak Tagalog. A range of mountains extends down this peninsula, and in this high country are found the dwarf

Negritos that excited so much curiosity when exhibited at the St. Louis fair. They are few in numbers and are seldom seen except by the few adventurous people who penetrate the mountain country.

Coming back to Pangasinan for a new start, we go down through the interior provinces of Central Luzon, the granary of the Philippines. These provinces are Tarlac, Pampanga, Nueva Ecija, Bulacan, and Rizal, which brings you down to Manila. All this country is well developed, traversed by splendid automobile highways and by railroads, has good towns, schools, churches and bridges, and many of the towns have waterworks, electric lights, ice plants, etc. In fact the town of Vigan, away up in Ilocos Sur, has all these modern conveniences.

Pampanga is a fine province, but is handicapped like many of the others by having a language all its own. This lack of a common language is a really serious handicap to the people.

The country is as level as our part of Kansas, no dividing lines, nothing to separate the people along racial lines whatever. What would you think of a situation where if you went from Harvey County into Sedgwick County you would have to take along an interpreter if you wanted to talk to the people there? That's exactly the situation in many localities that are side by side here in Luzon. Of course the better classes nearly all speak some Spanish, and the younger generation after fifteen years of schooling have a partial knowledge of English, but some of it is fearful and wonderful English that would puzzle you the first time you heard it. But even at that, English is nearer the common tongue now than any other language, and will continue to meet this need more and more as time goes on.

Clustered around Manila are the Tagalog provinces, Ca-

vite, Laguna, Batangas, Tayabas, Rizal, Bulacan, Nueva Ecija, and Bataan, nearly all of them adjacent to Manila Bay. This territory is strictly the home of the Tagalog. It is the locality where insurrection was formulated, and where politics is at fever heat a good share of the time right now. A railroad runs south from Manila through the provinces of Cavite, Laguna, and Batangas, and also to the town of Lucena in Tayabas province. This road will eventually connect with the road being built in the southern part of the island, and will then give rail connection clear down to the extreme southern provinces of the island.

From the province of Tayabas, the island narrows down and takes a big swing off to the east and south, and away off down in that country are three more provinces, Ambos Camarines, Albay, and Sorsogon, the land of the Bicols, another tongue and class of people as distinct from the Tagalog as a Scotchman is from a Frenchman, although on the island of Luzon the Bicols are of the characteristics of the Visayans, the residents of the big group of southern islands of the archipelago. Their language has many words in common with the Visayan. Of course they have good schools, and English is coming into use the same as in all other localities. The Bicols are a fine, intelligent, industrious people. The production of abaca (Manila hemp) is a leading industry of these provinces, although they grow much rice, corn and cocoanuts.

This practically concludes the general description of the big island of Luzon, as the province of Sorsogon is the last province on the south. Of course in a letter like this there is no room to go into a detailed description of the island, province by province, but I have tried to give you in a general way an idea of what this big island is like. And it is a big island. I have been nearly all over it from the town

of Laoag, in Ilocos Norte, clear down to Sorsogon and Albay, and it is a very interesting country indeed. The people are all kindly, hospitable and anxious to learn, especially in the provinces away from Manila and its political influences. Luzon is the most important and attractive island in the Philippines.

No doubt the term "province" seems queer to you. It did to me at first. A province is one of the political divisions of this country much resembling a county at home as to size and government. Of course if the Philippine government was considered as a distinct nation, then the provinces would more nearly represent our states as we have them at The government here under American supervision is an insular possession. The capital is, of course, in Manila. The supreme authority here rests with the Governor-General, appointed by the President of the United States. The Philippine Commission, or upper house of the Legislature, is also an appointive body, on which the Filipinos have a majority, the present American members being the Vice-Governor, who is Secretary of Public Instruction, together with the Secretary of the Interior, and the Secretary of Commerce and Police.

The Philippine Assembly, or lower house of the Legislature, is elective, composed of delegates representing the various provinces of the islands, and all are Filipinos. The Assembly and Commission make the laws of the country, subject to the approval of the Governor-General. The provinces are the first political division of the country, and are governed by a Governor and a Provincial Board elected by the people, except in some of the mountain and outpost provinces, which are governed by the commission which appoints the officials.

The provinces are divided into municipalities, which are

locally governed by an elective President and Municipal Council. Following the old Spanish custom the "Presidente" is a pretty big man in his locality, and few things are done without his sanction. The municipalities are further subdivided into localities or villages called "barrios," controlled by a "teniente," which is the lowest subdivision, so instead of townships, county, state and nation, as at home, the divisions run from barrio, municipality and province, up to the insular government at Manila, which will give you an idea of the way things are run over here. If this letter doesn't prove too dry and uninteresting I may send more along the same line concerning the big southern group of islands, the home of the Visayans, and also of Mindanao and Sulu, the home of the Moros.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE VISAYAS.

Manila, September 10, 1917.

If you read my last letter, you will remember that I started out to give a rather general description of the Philippines, and devoted that letter to the island of Luzon, the most important island of the archipelago. Next in importance comes the Visayan islands, the central group of the Philippines, composed of the islands of Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol, Samar, Leyte, Palawan, and numerous smaller islands. Mindoro is in this central group also, but could hardly be called Visayan territory. Neither is it strictly Tagalog, although so close to Luzon. Mindoro is something of a mystery. Other islands are rather thickly populated, but Mindoro is practically unknown. There is a fringe of population around the shore line, but the interior of the big island is practically unknown and unexplored. It is claimed that but one white man, Dean Worcester, has ever crossed the interior of Mindoro. Why the island has remained thus for nearly 300 years is a mystery. It is said that there is gold in abundance on this island, and where there is gold there can usually be found white men willing to go after it. whether in the frozen north, in desert waste or tropic heat, but Mindoro's secrets are still safely hidden. It has the reputation of being an unhealthy place, which doubtless accounts for much of the lack of development, although why it should be more unhealthy than any other of the islands is more than I can understand.

But it is a condition and not a theory that I am trying

to tell about, and the fact is that Mindoro, a great, big, rich island, right under Manila's nose, remains practically as unknown and undeveloped as when Magellan first landed in Cebu. Especially is this true of the interior of the island. I have never set foot on Mindoro, although I have sailed all around the island many times in making trips to the Visayas-One can sail all day long by the shores of this island, its mountains covered with splendid timber, its valleys rich, its little settlements along the beach, and I often wonder about the mysteries of Mindoro. Some day somebody will know. But today it is almost as little known as it was when the Americans first came here.

The island of Panay is well populated, and one of the best of the Visayan group. This island is divided into three prosperous provinces, Iloilo, Antique, and Capiz, although it is no larger than Mindoro. Iloilo is probably the most prosperous of the three provinces, and the city of Iloilo is one of the best towns on the Islands, Manila excepted. Iloilo is the big sugar shipping center for the islands of Panay and Negros. It has a good harbor and shipping facilities, and is a modern Oriental town. Good roads lead to Iloilo from many other localities on the island, and an American-owned railroad is operated from Iloilo on the south clear across the island to the city of Capiz on the north.

This railroad has done much to aid in developing the interior of the island, but there is still much to be done in that line, and the country, even along the railroad, is only in the first stages of development. I have traveled across the island three or four times on this railroad. It is the nearest to transportation the way we understand the term at home that I have seen. American engines and coaches, substantial depots, and a reasonably fast train schedule for this country. The railroad seems to have proven a detriment rather than

an aid to the town of Capiz, as the place has a poor harbor, so most of the shipping now goes to Iloilo and from there to Capiz by rail.

The province of Antique, on the west coast, is separated from the rest of the island by a high range of mountains, and is rather isolated and inaccessible. San Jose de Buenavista is the capital of Antique, a place of but little commercial importance, as it has no harbor. The harbor at Iloilo gives that city a dominating position. Iloilo is the home of many of the rich sugar planters of the south, and has many fine homes and big business concerns. Its one drawback is the lack of good water. The town is situated on low ground, and there are many places where water stagnates and mosquitoes breed. Still, I like Iloilo and its hospitable people, and I have many pleasant memories of my visits there.

Next in line below Panay is the island of Negros, divided into two provinces, East and West Negros, or Oriental and Occidental Negros, the general terms in use here. Bacolod, across Guimaras Strait from Iloilo, is the capital of Occidental Negros, and Dumaguete, at the extreme southeastern end of the island, is the capital of Oriental Negros. This island of Negros is probably one of the best agricultural prospects in the archipelago. I have traveled over the country around Silay and Bacolod in an auto, over good roads. Sugar is the main crop. The fields are large, level, and well tilled, and much modern machinery is used in cultivation of the crop.

In the manufacture of sugar the methods are still far from modern, but several large sugar mills will probably be erected in the near future. The only other place I have visited on Negros island is Dumaguete, on the south. This is a cocoanut country, although there are other agricultural industries. I like the town of Dumaguete. It is a pretty place

and is rather an educational center. Besides public schools and high schools, it has the large Silliman Institute, a college maintained by an American religious denomination. Students from all over the Visayas are enrolled at this institution, where not only the branches of learning are taught, but also manual training and industrial work. This school is deservedly popular.

On the west coast of Negros at La Carlota, the Bureau of Agriculture maintains a big demonstration farm. Altogether Negros is a very prosperous country and contains some of the finest, best cultivated land I have seen. The weather there, especially in Occidental Negros, seems much cooler than around Manila, an item of some importance to me. It may not be any cooler there, but it seems so. All the inhabitants of the Visayan group speak practically the same dialect. It varies of course in different islands, but they have so many words in common that it is practically one language, something that cannot be said of the dialects on the island of Luzon.

The island of Cebu is just east of Negros, separated only by a narrow strip of water, known as Tañon Strait. This island is probably the most densely populated of any in the group, and the soil is mountainous and very poor, yet it supports a large population. The island is long and narrow. It was here Magellan landed and established the first Spanish settlement, and it was at Cebu that this famous navigator was killed. There was much timber on Cebu at one time, but the hills are now bare; the soil washes heavily, but crops of corn and vegetable are raised on some of the strepest hillsides.

The city of Cebu is the capital and principal town of the island, located about midway on the east coast. It has a good harbor, and is probably the second city in importance

in the Philippines, standing next to Manila, although Iloilo would doubtless contest this claim. The two towns are friendly rivals, and are both good towns. Cebu has a better location and better buildings, the streets are more regular and in better condition, but for enterprise, hospitality, and volume of business and shipping, Iloilo and Cebu are pretty well matched, and it is a toss up as to which is really the better town.

There is a railroad on Cebu island, extending for quite a distance up and down the east coast from the city of Cebu. There are several prosperous towns along this line. Good roads are common there, the same as in other provinces, roads along which automobiles go, rain or shine. Corn production has probably reached its highest standard in this province, and is used more commonly for human consumption than in any other part of the Islands. The city of Cebu, while possibly not as great a sugar market as Iloilo, has a big export trade in abaca, the famous fiber known to the trade as Manila hemp. Copra and tobacco are other export items.

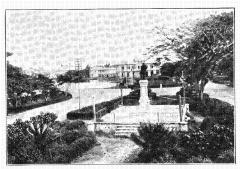
There are other islands in the Visayan group. They are Bohol, Leyte, and Samar, to the east and northeast of Cebu. Bohol is a round little island of some agricultural importance, but the interior of the island is practically in cogon grass and undeveloped. Leyte is a prosperous island, producing large quantities of abaca, corn and rice. Samar is the island at the extreme east on the Pacific side of the group. It exports abaca in large quantities, but has no large city, and is as yet lacking in development, and is of little commercial importance compared with Panay or Cebu.

This practically completes the Visayan group with the exception of the island of Palawan, on the extreme west. It is doubtful if Palawan could properly be classed as Visayan,

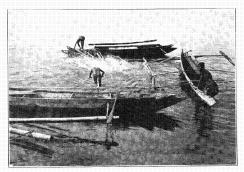
yet the dialect spoken there is of that tongue, with the exception of the southern part, which is more or less Moro. Palawan is an isolated country. It has one little town, Puerto Princesa, which has a beautiful harbor. The island is long and narrow, mountainous, and heavily timbered. The island is extended in a thin line for a long distance, between the Sulu Sea and the China Sea. A steamer goes to Puerto Princesa about once every twenty-four days. Water is practically the only means of transportation for the island. The settlements are scattered along the coast, and are few and far between.

The fact of the matter is that Palawan is still rather "woolly." I wouldn't want to live there. Their only means of communication with the outside world is a little wireless equipment with which they reach the island of Cuyo, where they can connect with the government cable station. When I was at Puerto Princesa in 1914, a Kansas man, Gov. Dedrick, was Governor of the province. The Governor and his wife were McPherson County, Kansas, folks, and I was surprised indeed to find Kansans in that out-of-the-way place, and had a very pleasant visit with them. He has since resigned, returned home, bought a ranch near Colorado Springs, but is now back in the Islands, having accepted a five-year contract as manager of a cocoanut plantation near Duma-It is queer how the spell of the Tropics draws people I am wondering if it will affect me that way when I back. return home.

Well, this is about all of the description of the Visayas I have for this time, except a word of commendation for the people. The Visayans are smart, athletic, hospitable, and are making themselves felt in all Philippine affairs, political, social and industrial. They stand together well, and work for their common interests. If there is a more wide-awake



PLAZA AT CAPIZ, ISLAND OF PANAY
ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL SCENES IN THE PROVINCES



MORO BOYS DIVING FOR COINS, JOLO HARBOR THE MOROS ARE EXPERT DIVERS AND SPLENDID SWIMMERS



class of people in the Philippines than the sugar planters of Panay and Negros, I haven't seen them in my travels. They are rich, educated, know what they want, and have a way of going after it with a combined force that seldom fails to get results.

To conclude this general description of the Islands will require at least another letter, in which I will try to tell you something of the islands of Mindanao and the Sulu group, the land of the savage Moros, and the progress that has been made there of recent years. It is an interesting country, a land of adventure and great opportunities.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MINDANAO AND SULU.

Manila, October 23, 1916.

This letter deals with the last group division of the Philippines, which Moroland on the extreme south, composed of the great island of Mindanao, and the small group of Sulu Islands, including the island of Jolo, where the Sultan of Sulu resides.

The island of Mindanao is almost as large as the prosperous island of Luzon, but is practically unpeopled, great portions of it even at the present time being unexplored and unsurveyed. There are settlements in many places. Surigao considerable agriculture has been developed. Momungan, district of Lanao, the government has established a cooperative colony under the direction of the Bureau of Agriculture. The colonists there are Americans who have married Filipino women. I am not much in favor of a mingling of colors, but I have much more respect for these men who have married Filipinos and settled down to make the best of it, than I have for the American who toys with the brown sister for a time and then quietly "beats it" for the homeland, leaving the woman to care for her half-caste, fatherless offspring, and there has been more or less of that sort of thing in times past, as the large number of "orphans" maintained by the American Mestizo Association here in Manila mutely attests.

The capital of this big southern country is located at Zamboanga. There is quite a large American settlement at Davao, on Davao Gulf, in the southeastern part of the island. Some rather extensive cattle ranches have been established, but the great bulk of the interior is yet in a rather primitive state, and occupied by roving bands of savage Moros.

Bear in mind that what I have to say about Moroland is largely from hearsay, as I have not traveled this country as I have other sections of the archipelago. But some big stories come up from that country from time to time. has been fighting down there in that country ever since American occupation, and it is going on yet, although not on such a large scale as at first. The Moro is a scrapper. is not only a fighter, but is also a religious fanatic, and that makes a pretty stiff combination. If a person becomes possessed of the idea that by killing a few Christians he is assured of a glorious hereafter in the "happy hunting grounds," or whatever he may designate his particular idea of heaven, he is liable to be a dangerous citizen and very careless of even his own life, because if he gets killed he reasons that he enters into the joys of heaven all the quicker, provided he takes a few Christian lives along with him as an evidence of his good faith. It's bad business. But even the Moros are quieting down, clamoring for schools and public improvements, and about all the fighting now is confined to roving bands of outlaws who prey upon the peaceful Moros, as well as resist all constituted authority. It is such a big country and so little explored, that hunting outlaws in the interior is a full sized man's job, and furnishes plenty of excitement even now for the young men in search of adventure. There are no United States troops in Mindanao. now. The military work is all done by the Philippine Constabulary, an organization composed of Filipinos, officered by Americans. The U.S. troops were withdrawn from the island some time ago. In former times the Moros were

such fighters that they kept the Filipinos up north pretty well terrorized. They formed war parties and made raids on the northern islands, and many of the old forts and watch towers to guard against Moro raiders are still in evidence on the islands of Bohol, Leyte, Cebu, and other sections of the Visayas. The Moros do not take kindly to being governed by Filipinos even now, but are gradually settling down, realizing that they are getting a square deal through the U. S. government. In the new Philippine Senate, just organized, there is a full-blooded Moro Senator, appointed by the Governor-General, who has taken his place along with the elective Senators, and is ably representing his people. But in spite of constabulary, schools, settlements, telephones and highways, Moroland is still rather "woolly" and will probably be that way for some time to come.

Another interesting part of Moroland is the Sulu archipelago, a group of small islands to the southwest of Mindanao, with Jolo as the capital. Here the Sultan of Sulu still reigns, at least nominally, regardless of American sovereignty. It is rumored that the Sultan receives annuity from the government of the United States and also from England, in return for holding the Sulu Moros into some semblance of peace. The Sulu Moros are a turbulent bunch, and lawless as they make them. It is said that it is not safe for anyone to venture far outside the walls of the city of Jolo, especially after night.

These Sulu islands extend from Mindanao clear down to the island of Borneo, and are close to the equator. Some of the finest pearls in the world have been found near Jolo, and Jolo pearls are highly prized and are worn by those who can afford the luxury.

The Sultan of Sulu comes up to Manila once or twice a year. He is usually accompanied by a number of attendants.

I have no means of knowing how many of the attendants are members of his harem. He is a little, short, dark fellow, but evidently has a "pull," and travels in great style, and burns up a great deal of gasoline every time he comes to town. He has a fine little kingdom, and if reports are true, a neat little "rake off," and apparently enjoys life quite well.

This practically completes a general description of the Philippines as I have seen them. Luzon, biggest and best, on the north; the big central Visayan group, and the Moros of the department of Mindanao and Sulu, on the extreme south. Throughout the entire archipelago there are thousands of acres of idle lands. In Mindanao there are miles upon miles of unbroken grass lands where you can ride horseback all day with grass up to the saddle. There are thousands upon thousands of acres of splendid timber as yet untouched. There are gold mines in Baguio, Masbate, Mindoro and Mindanao. There are wonderful opportunities for development, especially in agriculture, only lacking energy and capital. If these Islands were farmed as intensively as in Japan, they would support sixty million people, a population more than half the present number of people in the United States, instead of the ten million people now living here. Naturally you may ask why the lack of development? There are many reasons. This is a tropical country. isn't exactly a white man's country. It's a warm, sleepy, lazy, indolent country. It needs three or four months of good, cool, snappy weather every year to put some "ginger" into the people. This it will never have. It is too near the equator. During the 300 years of Spanish rule but little attention was paid to development. Easy, slipshod methods prevailed and soon became the custom of the country. Some American capital has come into the Islands, but the possibility that the flag will be withdrawn has made American capital timid, and with some cause. The immigration laws of the United States keep the Chinese out. They would make things hum if given a chance. They are good gardeners and very industrious. They intermarry with Filipinos, and the Chinese-Filipino cross produces a good race, for they are both Malay stock. Much of the leading capital now in the island is Chinese. Some of the largest and richest firms in Manila are Chinese. They have branches in the provinces, and reach out to the stores in the municipalities, and on out to the peddler who goes out into the byways and meets the farmer coming to market with his produce. The Chinaman is a born trader. There is much to be said on both sides of the question of admitting the Chinese to the Philippines.

This much is sure. The population of the world is increasing. The increasing millions must be fed. This cry for bread cannot be denied and at the same time allow millions of acres of rich land to remain idle as is at present the case in the Philippines. These lands will be farmed by somebody, and that at no great distant day. The Filipino cannot maintain the "cross dog in the manger" policy, and not eat the hay nor permit the horse to eat it either. The Filipinos must either develop this idle land themselves or they will be forced to let somebody else do it. That is inevitable. They don't fancy having the Americans "exploit" their country, and no Americans that I have seen are keen to do so. They don't want the Chinese. They are afraid of Japan. What will the outcome be? Who can tell? Personally I hope the Filipinos will rise to the occasion and develop their country themselves. In many ways they are ambitious; it is their country, and I would hate to see them overrun by any foreign power. But only two plans are open: a quick development by opening her doors to all comers, or a necessarily slow process of exclusive Philippine development, which I am afraid will prove too slow to meet the world's demands. I like the Philippines. I like the pleasant, courteous, easy-going people; but I am afraid that they are due for a rather rude shock that will jolt them out of their present happy-go-lucky life. And I can only hope that they will be able to meet whatever comes with a brave front and rise to a place as leaders of progress in the Orient.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PUBLIC WELFARE ADDRESS.

Manila, October 25, 1916.

The Public Welfare Board of the Philippine Islands, through its Social Center Committee, recently inaugurated a contest in which cash prizes were offered for the best lectures submitted to the Board, said lectures to be of a civicoeducational nature for use in public schools and for public welfare meetings throughout the provinces. The lectures were to be written upon any of the following topics: Agriculture, hygiene, citizenship, and manners and morals. The committee announced that the contest was open to any resident of the Philippines; that the lectures might be written in either English or Spanish; with the further statement that the lectures should be written in a style sufficiently popular to be appreciated by audiences of adults in country districts, and that in determining the winning lectures the judges would take into consideration the value of the lecture from a practical standpoint and as a means of arousing and holding the interest of the average audience. Lectures submitted were numbered and the names of the writers were not known until after the selections were made.

I submitted but one lecture in the contest. It was entitled, "Agriculture as an Honorable Vocation." This lecture was awarded a cash prize under the topic of "Agriculture." It is given herewith, not because it happend to win a prize, but because it fairly expresses my views regarding an important economic condition in the Philippines today. The lecture follows:

"Agriculture is the world's greatest industry. It is also

by far the world's most important industry. More than that, it is the world's most honorable industry. Upon agriculture depends the sustaining of all human life. Further, it is practically the source of all wealth. The true measure of a successful life rests in the service rendered to mankind. Who, therefore, renders greater service or deserves a more commanding position in the affairs of men than the agriculturist, the man who feeds a nation and produces its surplus wealth?

"The farmer is independent. If all other classes of business were utterly destroyed, he could at least maintain life for himself and for his family, because he could still produce his own food. This condition does not exist in other lines of human endeavor. If, for instance, the farming industry should be destroyed, the whole world would soon be facing starvation. Every time there is even serious injury to agriculture, famine is sure to stalk forth; we are constantly that near to starvation. With the farmers all removed from their fields, what would the rest of the people do? The answer is plain. They would of necessity go to the soil and there produce their own food, or starve. There would be no other alternative. The welfare of the farmer is therefore a matter of vital importance to all the people, because the service he renders is indispensable.

"Agriculture is not only an important vocation, but it is a healthful one as well. He who cultivates the soil is of necessity in contact with the fresh air and sunshine of the open fields. He lives close to nature. Agriculture is a vocation that begets strong, clean, honorable men and women. The best athletes, the best professional men, the best busi-

ness men of the cities are recruited from the farm.

"It is a laudable ambition for young men and women to desire an education that will fit them for a life of pleasant, congenial, profitable employment. But one of the mistakes often made by those who are going to school is to think that by securing a liberal education they may escape a life of hard work. This view is utterly false. There is no escaping hard work if success is to be attained in any occupation. It has been demonstrated beyond dispute that hard

work and success go hand in hand. Work is the price success demands for bestowing her favors. Education merely as a means to more easily avoid labor, is a failure. So far as education may teach one to labor intelligently, it is desirable. Intelligent labor is needed on the farms in the Philippines today as never before—educated labor that will tend to lighten farm work of some of its present drudgery: education that will teach farmers better methods of growing crops by means of modern, labor-saving machinery; better methods of preparing their products for market; better methods of marketing their products when thus prepared; education that will teach the farming community the benefits of cooperation, of working as a unit for the common welfare education that will demonstrate by personal example that there is nothing degrading about the profession of farming, but rather that it is the highest of professions in which the best brains of these Islands may find abundant scope for It should be remembered that while most of their talents. the professions are crowded, there is yet abundant room for educated men and women in the field of agriculture; also that agriculture is becoming one of the most highly specialized professions of today. No army composed entirely of officers could ever succeed. Some must march as honored privates in the ranks. This is equally true in economic affairs. No country can succeed when composed entirely of doctors, lawyers, merchants and tradesmen. Some must labor in the honorable profession of agriculture. The more recruits the profession receives from the ranks of the educated, the more pleasant, the more honorable, and the more profitable the profession of agriculture will become. day is sure to arrive when education and modern methods will place agriculture upon the high plane the vocation mer-Then the independent life of the farmer will become the envy of the less fortunate, who are engaged in other occupations.

"And by the term agriculturist is not necessarily meant the big hacendero with his thousands of hectares, a veritable kingdom in itself. The honor of farming, the dignity of important service, the independence of a tranquil, healthful life close to nature, these are all for the small farmer as well. With his little rice paddy, his tobacco field, his cocoanut trees, his field of abaca, corn, vegetables, fruits, or whatever branch of the great industry he may be engaged in, he shares responsibility with the man of big affairs. Each has his mission to perform. Each is working according to his lights, the honor and usefulness of the service being only a matter of degree. Doing the work at hand and doing it well is what counts. Even the humblest toiler in the field growing his share of the crops with which to feed a nation, is performing a greater part in the divine plan than many of those who may sit in high places, yet produce nothing which adds to the nation's wealth. The world is beginning to realize that fact more and more, and as a result is willing to place the wreath of honor and victory upon the brow of the honest though humble toiler.

There is little place today for the drone, whether he be clad in fine clothes or in rags. The white collar, the white suit, the smooth hands, the jewels that adorn them, are no more a mark of respect than the coarse cloth of the man or woman honestly toiling in field, in factory, in market, in the store, or in the home. There is nothing degrading about honest labor. It is rather the distinction of honorable manhood.

"The day is not far distant when the farmer, laboring on his own farm, will be the envied of all others. Why? Because the population of the world is rapidly increasing, yet there is no more land today than there was when the world This means but one thing. The great problem of the future will be the food problem. In most parts of the world even the waste places are now being reclaimed and brought under cultivation, in order to meet the ever increasing demand for food. The time will come when the fertile hectares in the Philippines now idle will be intensely cultivated, and that day is not far distant. This condition cannot be avoided. These idle hectares must soon respond to the cry of the ever increasing millions for bread. will cultivate this land now only waiting for the magic touch of the plow? Who will be reaping the profits of such transaction and thus be in a condition to dictate to the less fortunate citizens in crowded centers of population?

"Upon the answer to this question rests the future welfare and happiness of the Filipino people. For the world's increase in population is a condition and not a theory. is a plain, hard proposition that must be faced. The world will soon present a demand for food that cannot be denied while fertile lands remain idle. Opportunity is today opening wide the door of hope to the people of the Philippines. stands beckoning, pleading for her sons and daughters to accept the bounty of the soil while there is vet time. they look the trend of events squarely in the face? the educated, progressive youth of the land arise to the opportunity to become useful, independent citizens by building up a solid economic independence upon their own soil? No more honorable vocation is open to them, for agricultural development means economic prosperity to the nation, and this in turn insures a happy, industrious, contented people.

"There should be no backward step, no halting, no hesitation. The goal of an honorable ambition is within their reach. The time for action is now. The advance in land values alone will bring wealth to those who secure title to land today. The vocation or profession of agriculture is honorable and profitable under present conditions. These features are sure to be increased until the day will come when the landowner, no matter how small his possession, will be a veritable ruler of his domain, the possessor of a miniature kingdom, with no master save the demands of honest service.

"It is an age of golden opportunity for Filipinos who follow the right road, the road which leads straight to the farm and a home on the virgin soil. This opportunity will be less in a generation from now. It will continue to grow less and less as time goes on and the aristocracy of the soil assumes its dominion. The unfortunate, the careless and the improvident, who have permitted their opportunity to pass

will then realize all that they have lost.

"Honor, health, wealth, happiness, independence and contentment await the industrious on Philippine soil today. What more could a gracious Providence extend? What more should the son of man expect?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LOG OF THE S. S. "WARREN."

Manila, October 28, 1916.

We have just returned from a vacation trip to China. On the map these Islands do not appear to be very far from China, in fact we are only about two days' journey by boat from Hongkong. But the part of China we visited is a long way from here. From Manila to Pekin is about as far as from New York to Panama, or from Winnipeg, Manitoba, to the City of Mexico. We made the round trip on the U. S. Army Transport Warren. This letter is my private "log" of the trip. It is merely the notes jotted down each day we were traveling. It may not prove very interesting, but the little incidents recorded will give you some idea of the life on board a ship. In letters to follow I will try to describe some of the things we saw in China, and especially in the ancient city of Pekin; but this letter is a daily record of the ocean trip. I have designated it "The Log of the S. S. Warren."

Monday, October 2. We're off, sailing from Pier No. 1, Manila, at noon. Bay is smooth as glass, weather quite warm. In two hours we are passing Corregidor. Warren is a fast boat. We have stateroom No. 10, close to diningroom. Have steamer trunk, suitcases and hand bag in room and are quite cozy. In sight of Luzon coast all afternoon. At 5 p. m. sea still smooth and nobody sick.

October 3. Hot night last night. This morning there are whitecaps everywhere and boat is rocking considerably. Island of Luzon is fast fading from sight. At 10 A. M. Capt.

Murphy was trying to locate lighthouse on extreme northern end of the island. Continued rough sea all afternoon. No land in sight now, and nearly all passengers sticking close to staterooms.

October 4. Sea is so rough this morning that big waves break over front of the boat, sending the spray flying everywhere. Were in sight of the island of Formosa by daylight. Always rough weather along Formosa. Afternoon same, only more of it. Weather getting cooler. Passed light at north end of Formosa at 10 p. m.

October 5. Cool enough for a wool suit once more. Feel more like an American citizen now. Quiet sea today may have something to do with it also. Three days today noon since we sailed. This evening we are in the latitude of Shanghai but well out to sea. Passengers spent a pleasant evening on deck. Weather pleasant but rather windy.

October 6. Are now in the Yellow Sea. Day is clear, bright sunshine. Still sailing steadily northward, no land in sight. Everybody on deck and feeling fine. Wireless has picked up a message which says "fair weather," also some unimportant war messages. This afternoon still no land in sight, but may see Port Arthur late tonight.

October 7. Land in sight off to our right. It is Korea. Several small fishing boats in sight. Birds are flying around the ship. One dove lit on deck for a short rest. Nice and cool this morning. Expect to reach Chinwangtao, the end of our sea journey, today. By 9 A. M. we are passing Port Arthur. The monument at 203 Meter Hill can be plainly seen. There is a big lighthouse surrounded by walls of white stone near Port Arthur. Arrived at Chinwangtao at 5 P. M., and leave at 10 o'clock this evening for Pekin over the Pekin-Mukden Railway.

October 8. En route to Pekin by rail. Reached Tientsin by daylight, and Pekin by 10 o'clock in the morning. More about this journey later.

October 9. All day at Pekin. Saw enough there for a separate letter.

October 10. Returned to Chinwangtao by 8 o'clock in the morning. Warren was about through coaling. On board again; seems like getting back home. Eight days since we left Manila. We sail at noon. Many venders of produce are alongside the boat at the dock. Bought a basket of grapes, fine ones, basket big as two ordinary market baskets; price for basket and grapes only forty cents. Got a hatful of roasted peanuts for three cents. Venders have on sale chestnuts, eggs, vegetables, game, apples, grapes, pears, cherries, persimmons as large as oranges, big yellow fellows, that are fine. At 2 P. M. we are out of sight of land again on the homeward journey. Just saw a nice bunch of wild ducks. Recalled memories of hunting days on the big Arkansas River. Boat is heavily loaded with coal, and now draws twenty-five feet of water. After sundown this evening there was a strip of golden moonlight stretching away across the waters toward Port Arthur, that was beautiful. We pass Port Arthur sometime tonight.

October 11. Weather is cool, snappy, glorious. Had a fine breakfast. Chinese grapes, California grape fruit, good crisp bacon, eggs, toast, coffee, hot cakes and maple syrup. Saw another fine bunch of ducks go skimming along close to the water—green-wing teal. Made my trigger-finger itch. At 9:30 a big steamer is passing, off to the northwest. This afternoon saw many huge jelly-fish, some of them as big as a bushel basket, floating along a foot or two beneath the blue waves. Wireless has posted a notice that the monsoon is freshening along the China coast, that a typhoon is forming

down near Formosa, and rough weather may be expected. That's a nice prospect. Our ship is loaded to the limit with her cargo of coal. I don't want any typhoon in mine. Think of the chances of going into eternity and taking a ship load of coal along with you!

October 12. We are now in the China Sea and encountering the northeast monsoon. It's rough all right. Not many out to breakfast this morning. Boat rolls so badly that an army officer who was sitting on deck reading, upset in his chair and was dumped clear over to the rail. Said after he got up that he wouldn't have been more surprised if he had gone clear over into the sea. I would have upset, too, but the wireless operator who was passing, caught the back of my chair in time. Wireless says we may run into the typhoon about midnight. Everybody a little nervous about that typhoon.

October 13. This is Friday, the thirteenth, which should be unlucky enough for anybody, but we missed the typhoon last night, and the weather is fair. Wireless says the storm is well to the rear. Still this is an unlucky day for me. I am getting sick. Not seasick, but some sort of fever, probably caused by a bad cold, sudden changes of climate and lack of exercise. The ship's doctor says I have a temperature of 101. Have no appetite and a bursting headache. Ate nothing all day.

October 14. Still sick and taking no interest in anything. Temperature 100 today. Too sick to care for tobacco, so there is no question about it, I'm sick, all right.

October 15. Feeling better, but lungs are very sore; have a hard cough and still ache all over. Guess it's dengue fever. We are plowing along near the coast of old Luzon, nearly home. Been on deck all day. This afternoon passed

the transport Sherman en route from Manila for San Francisco. She saluted us with three long blasts from her whistle, which was returned by the Warren. We are now in sight of Corregidor. Captain has sent a wireless to Manila that we will arrive there by 5:30. Were in the bay by 4:30 and anchored outside the breakwater at 5:45. Customs and quarantine launches came alongside and said we would have to wait until morning for inspection, which means another night on board while in plain sight of the twinkling lights of Manila. Pretty sore crowd. Dinner and early to bed.

October 16. Inspection over quite early and we are at last in the harbor. Off on a launch with baggage for Pier No. 1. Baggage promptly inspected, duty paid, rigs secured, and away we go for our home at the hotel, safe and sound, after two weeks of travel. Will tell something of our China experiences later.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A GLIMPSE OF CHINA.

Manila, October 31, 1916.

Chinwangtao is not a very good harbor, but is quite a coaling station, and several ships were there taking on coal when we arrived. The weather was cool, about like October weather at home. Leaves were still on the trees, but commencing to turn brown. It was soon dark and we remained on shipboard, as our train did not leave for Pekin until 10 o'clock that night. We were advised to get some of our good U. S. A. gold exchanged into Chinese currency, and right then our troubles commenced. Deliver me from Chinese money. As the old fellow said after being shown a giraffe: "There ain't no such anamile." At the prevailing rate of exchange we were able to secure \$19.20 in Chinese currency for \$10.00 in gold. That looked all right, but it wasn't. Some of the bills we got in exchange were good, some not-so good, and some were worse. Some silver dollars were all right, and some were dumped back on us when we tried to spend them. Most of our bills were Chinese "Bank of Communication" notes, and we soon learned they were only good in buying railroad tickets, as the bank owned the road and had to take its own paper; but they kicked on doing that, and demanded at least one-third of the fare in good currency, and even at that made me discount their bank notes three per cent before accepting them in exchange for a railroad ticket.

It made me wrathy, but how are you going to avoid it, with the train tooting for the start? I soon had quite a

collection of silver dollars, for anything is better than Chinese paper currency, but of the first four dollars I pulled out of my pocket to examine, no two were alike. After my first experience they didn't snag me that way any more. My reserve money was mostly in \$5.00 American gold pieces. I knew what the rate of exchange was, so I had them exchanged one at a time as occasion demanded, getting the change in silver which I looked over as carefully as possible. I had U. S. gold, also Philippine currency, likewise fifty-seven varieties of Chinese currency before I got fairly started. It's quite a lot of trouble and would surprise you if you have never had the experience before.

Well, I finally got the tickets to Pekin, also the sleeping car reservation. The sleeping car tickets called for "bedding and place." We had some experience in finding the "place," after we got on. Finally I found a compartment with no one in it, and concluded that must be the place. At least I was satisfied to take a chance on it. My bluff worked, and then began the search for the lads with the bedding. They kept lugging bedding past the compartment we had located and making up bunks in other places and talked Chinese to me when I gently invited them to come in and fix us up. Finally I quit talking, got outside the compartment, headed off the next Chino with a bundle of bedding and made signs so forcibly that I chased him into our room. I've heard it said: "When you can't talk, make signs." It works all right, if your signs are forcible enough.

In these compartments are two long seats, nearly full width of the car, facing each other. On these seats the boy first spread a blanket, then a sheet and pillow, then another sheet and a blanket on top and the bed was ready. Those beds might do for the fence-rail variety of men, but I am built on more ample proportions, and I had some trouble in

keeping the covers on. The road was rough and the night was cool. I had the covers off my head or my heels half the time, and whenever I dozed off to sleep away they went altogether—and then I would wake up again promptly. I was glad when daylight came and we were due to get up and look at the country. It beat trying to sleep and was a lot more interesting.

Shortly after daylight we arrived at Tientsin, which is a city of over a million population, but did not remain there long enough to see much of the town. From Tientsin to Pekin we had a daylight run, and had a fine view of the country, which was a great, level plain all the way, and every foot of it farmed except the graveyards. They revere their ancestors and make a little round mound of earth over the grave, about like a big ant-hill. They have been planting Chinamen this way for about 4,000 years, so in that time the country has been pretty well dotted with graves. They need the land for farming purposes, but refuse to level down the graves and use the land.

The country greatly resembled the plains of Kansas, only it is farmed more intensively. It is in about the same latitude (40° north) which runs along the Kansas-Nebraska border. Being the fall of the year, most of the crops were harvested, but there was a lot of forage cane growing in many places. The houses were substantially built of dhobie brick or solid stone, which looked decidedly substantial to us after a residence of over two years among the nipa houses of the Philippines. As in the Philippines, the Chinese farmers do not live out on the farms, but huddle together in little towns, and go out to the fields to work. As a result there are great stretches of farm land without a house in sight.

The roads could hardly be called roads at all, little by-

paths winding around between the fields, cut into deep ruts by cart wheels. Didn't see a decent road between Tientsin and Pekin. If those old-timers had spent half as much effort in building roads as they did in erecting great walls, the country would have been a lot better off. They have a saying in China that every bride will some day be a mother-in-law, and every road will be a canal. I guess the road part is true, from what I saw. When a road becomes worn down too deep for road purposes they turn the water in and make a canal out of it and start a road some place else.

They are a frugal people, work hard, early and late, save everything possible, and then barely exist. They have to work and save because there are so many mouths to be fed, for four hundred million is some population. I was told that on the vast plain we traversed the rainfall is only about sixteen inches annually, so the crops have to be grown by irrigation. All the water for this purpose is drawn from wells by hand with an old-fashioned windlass, a Chinaman turning a crank at each end of the windlass. Think of farming Kansas that way, you farmers who kick when there is a little dry spell! And the Chinese grow two and three crops a year on land that has been farmed continuously for over 3,000 years. Think of that, you farmers in the eastern part of the United States who talk about your wornout farms after 100 to 200 years. Possibly the American farmer might learn a few things even from the heathen Chinee. For the Chinaman takes care of his soil. Every farm has its compost pit, and everything that will decay and cannot be used for more valuable purpose goes into this pit and eventually back to renew the soil. Nothing goes to waste, absolutely nothing. Chinese can't afford to waste anything. They have all they can do to make a living as it is.

We could tell that we were approaching Pekin on account

of the increasing number of truck farms, the inevitable forerunner of a big city. Soon the big walls began to loom up. Pekin is a city of walls. As our train pulled into town the first thing that attracted my attention beside the huge walls and great crowds of people, was a caravan of camels wending its way down one of the main streets. The camels were all heavily loaded. I hadn't expected to see any camels on this trip, but saw many caravans before I left Pekin.

We arrived at the central station by 10 o'clock in the morning. The day was cloudy and there were occasional showers. The weather seemed decidedly cool, after our residence in the Philippines. There is a fine hotel within walking distance from the station, and we soon were comfortably located there. Rate \$3.50 per person per day American plan. We had a fine room with private bath. It was all right, except that the steam heat was not on.

After lunch our party went out for a ride in rickishas, the little two-wheeled buggies pulled by a coolie. These natives are big, strong fellows, and they get in between the shafts, grab hold of them and away they go, fully as fast as the average horse trots. The streets were muddy, dirty, and sloppy, especially in the old Chinese part of the city, but not so bad as I had anticipated. We visited many of the stores and places of interest. When on the street in our rickishas there were always queer sights and queer sounds, and confusion generally. There is not a street car in Pekin. Think of caravans of camels, thousands of rickishas, an occasional automobile, horses, carts, mules, cattle, people on foot and in victorias, funeral processions, wedding parades, rickisha men shouting to each other, peddlers proclaiming the merits of their products, thousands of little one-story stores crowded with sleepy-eyed customers. It was a regular continuation of surprises, and many of the scenes I shall never forget. It was all absolutely foreign to anything seen at home.

There were few women to be seen. The Chinese women evidently stay pretty close to home. In the best part of the city the streets are paved, but only in the center where the rickishas and autos go. There is a mud space at either side of the paving for the carts and heavy traffic, and it's mud all right-deep, black and smelly. There are no big department stores, even in the best shopping districts. The stores are little, one-story affairs only, with queerly decorated fronts, but seemingly millions of them on the miles and miles of busy streets. We were apparently as great a curiosity to the people as they were to us, for they usually stopped and stared at us until we were out of sight. The next day our party went sight-seeing in an automobile, and went all over the city, visited temples, shrines, palaces, and many other places of interest. In the afternoon we went "shopping," something I do not greatly enjoy, but even that was a new experience in Chinaland. It goes something like this: You ask the Chinaman how much an article is worth, as a He usually sets the price at about twice what it is worth. You decline to pay it, and declare that you don't want it. He then asks how much you will give. You then offer about half what you think it is worth. Stick to it and you will finally get it at your price, and the chances are that you will be "stung" even at that. But withal, things are very, very cheap in China. Of course, not quite so cheap as they seem by the time you pay customs duty on them when returning, but even then, cheaper than you ever heard tell of at home.

The rickisha men took us to one store that I well remember. They went off one of the main streets, then up a side street, then into a little, narrow, muddy alley, until I began

to think they might be kidnapping us. Finally they stopped at a low, dingy-looking place, which we entered. The women were rather timid about going in. Inside we were guided from one room to another, until finally in one room a Chinaman began to show embroidered silks, stacks of them. There were fine furs on the walls, all cut and sewed, ready to be made into full length coats. Some of the cheaper ones were priced at only \$11.00 a garment. Must have been cat Some whole skins were hanging on the wall. They looked fine, were small, and I found they were worth about \$100 each. They were genuine sable. When I asked about them, a Chino went to a chest and brought out a fur coat. It looked pretty good, and I asked the price. It was only \$2,000.00. It was genuine Russian sable. And he had chests full of them, and chests full of silks and other costly ornaments.

Think of the wealth stowed away in those chests in that dinky, little, out-of-the-way place. There were coats and other furs, of cat, marmot, tiger, leopard, fox, sable, and I don't know how many other kinds, all in a little, out-of-the-way place that you couldn't find without a guide, and so dark and uninviting that one was almost afraid to go in. Who could sell stuff that way in the United States? That kind of a dealer, rich as he is, would have to get his goods out where they could be seen or starve to death in America; but that's only one of the differences between the two countries. There are thousands of others.

We didn't have a chance to see the great Chinese wall except from a distance. You can see it from the harbor at Chinwangtao as it comes down over the mountains to the sea, but the great wall is a two days' journey from Pekin and we didn't have the time. However, there are walls enough in Pekin to satisfy anybody, if walls are all you want. Every-

thing has a wall around it, often walls outside of walls, and then more walls. I live in the walled city in Manila, but the Intramuros wouldn't make any showing at all alongside the walls of Pekin.

CHAPTER XXX.

A PEEK AT PEKIN.

Manila, November 1, 1917.

You all know that Pekin is a big city. When I went to school I was taught that it was the largest city in the world. It is not the largest city in the world today, but is a large city just the same. It is situated on a level plain and spreads all over the country for miles and miles. It is the capital of China, and has something over a million population, I doubt if anybody knows exactly how many people there are. The thing that impressed me most when coming into the city was the numerous high walls. There are huge walls everywhere, and the only high buildings outside the temples and palaces are the huge buildings of stone at many of the gateways. The stores are mostly one story. There are miles of streets with the little shops with their queer little signs and decorations in front or on top of the buildings. Some of these buildings look very old, and are no doubt as old as they look.

For remember that the streets of Pekin swarmed with people fully 1,200 to 1,500 years before the birth of Christ. When it comes to age, Pekin has the lead over any place I ever visited. Even some of the rulers of China whose time is considered quite modern, were in their prime some 500 years ago, long before Columbus discovered America. China was struggling along with a sort of civilization fully 3,000 years before Kansas was admitted to statehood. You may not realize it, but America is only in her swaddling clothes compared with China.

Pekin is divided into four great districts. The Tartar City

covers an area of ten square miles and is completely surrounded by a wall forty feet high. Looking down the streets in either direction you can see the gateway through the big wall at the end of the street, guarded by a high, massive temple. The Imperial City is in the center of this Tartar City and is about two square miles in extent, and is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high. The third, or Forbidden City, is in the center of the Imperial City. It covers an area of about one-half square mile and is inclosed with a thirtyfoot pink-colored wall. Within this Forbidden City are many of the royal palaces, private residences of the nobility and the government officials. Foreigners are seldom permitted to enter this district, so all we did was look at the walls and want to go inside, possibly just because it was for-The fourth district is the Chinese City, which is situated south of the Tartar City. Here the streets are narrow, crooked, sloppy, smelly, and uninviting, yet interesting. They are also surrounded by a high wall.

With this general description of the city you can realize that we had to move lively in order to obtain even a glimpse of things in the two days we were there. We hired rickishas, autos, and went on foot when necessary, and moved lively, for the weather was cool and bracing, just like October days in Kansas. The rickisha men are big stout coolies, who pull you along in the little two-wheeled buggies as fast as a horse trots. They charge ten cents per hour, and are anxious for passengers at that price. The Chinese who ride pay the coolies only a few coppers. The only silver they get seems to be from foreigners. We hired a four-passenger automobile for \$7.50 for half a day, which seemed quite reasonable. We also had a guide with us on the auto trip and paid him \$1.00 for his half day service, which I expect was big wages to him.

What did we see? Well it was a great sight to me, just to ride through those busy streets and watch the people, the stores and the traffic generally. On the auto trip we went first to the big temple of Confucius, a wonderful place.

It is a great place of worship, but doesn't look like it was used very much now. Here we were shown tablets on which were Chinese characters said to be the work of Confucius himself. In this temple the Emperor formerly conducted religious services at least once each year. It is a massive temple, beautifully decorated. We next went to the Temple of Classics, where there were great tablets of stone, containing the Confucius creed and other records of ancient Chinese civilization. In the grounds at this place were figures of monstrous animals carved from stone, the Chinese conception of a lion, the guide said, but they looked to me more like great big chow dogs. There were great marble slabs extending the full length of some of the terraces, on which were carved dragons and other emblems of Chinese mythology. Next we went to the temple of the great Buddha. The Chinese, I was told, have but the one Buddha. In Japan there are many. I don't know much about their religious creeds, but of course the Buddha and Confucius creeds are entirely different, and each creed has its adherents among the millions of people in China. There are great gates, arches, walls, and temples within temples at this place. There are cedar trees growing in the gardens there said to be over 600 years old.

From there we went to the U. S. Legation, where we obtained the necessary passes to enter the Temple of Heaven. The detachment of U. S. troops were drilling on the lawn when we were there, and those trim young men with their blue uniforms trimmed in white, the band pounding away, the erect officers out on the side lines, and that glorious old red, white and blue flag waving in the October breeze, made

me thrill again and proud of the fact that I am an American citizen. The more an American sees of the world the more he appreciates his own country.

We were soon off in the auto for the Temple of Heaven, away in the outskirts of the city. This is probably the only place in the world where you can go straight to heaven in a motor car. Even at that we got only to the gates, gave up our passes to a sanctified looking Chino with chin whiskers. We called him St. Peter. We then passed through the gates and started out to see heaven on foot. It was a long, tedious journey, and we longed for wings before we got through with it.

The Temple of Heaven is no doubt quite a sacred place to the Chinese, and is their conception of as near the real thing as we can attain on this earth. The grounds are of great extent, many, very many acres, all enclosed by an immense wall trimmed in blue tile. We first visited the Place of Sacrifices, an immense circular affair of marble, reached by climbing three flights of stone steps. The view of heaven from this place is fine. It was here that in former times the Emperor offered blood sacrifices to Deity. In the center of this great elevated stage is a small circle of stone which the guide said the Chinese considered as the center of the world. At this place all the great ceremonies were He said in former times three chairs were placed there at night, one for the Emperor, the other for somebody else, I don't remember who, and the third was for the great Deity in case he chose to come down. On this particular chair was placed a cushion. In the morning the Emperor visited the chairs, and if there was a dent in the cushion it was proof positive that God had been there and sat in the chair, and he so informed his people, and there was great rejoicing among the multitude. No dented cushion, no visitation. As the Emperor went there all alone, I had the suspicion that probably he dented the cushion whenever he wanted to. Of course it may have been all real. It doesn't pay to be too much of a doubting Thomas, especially in China, where they chop off heads occasionally.

There were many other departments in the Chinese heaven, some of which we visited and some we did not, for we were on foot and the sun was shining very bright even for October, and the way was long. After tramping what seemed to be many miles and wandering through temples and cedar groves and occasional weed patches, we finally got back to the pearly gates and our auto, where we incidentally gave a tip of thirty cents (Mex.) to the gate-keeper to let us out of heaven.

The next nearest temple was the Temple of Agriculture. so we visited there a short time. The grounds are beautifully kept and there are many rare plants. The temple and grounds are of course surrounded by the inevitable high wall. I never saw so many huge walls in all my life. In these grounds the Emperor in former times came at least once each year and plowed and planted grain with his own hands, as an example to his people. But China is a sort of republic now, and the Emperor is out of business. Still there's no telling when the republic will go back to a monarchy. It's rather wobbly right now. When we were there they were making great preparations for the Chinese "Fourth of July," the anniversary of the birth of the republic. It was to be a three days' affair, October 10, 11 and 12. They were erecting great arches of bamboo and colored paper over many of the streets, putting up little peanut and candy stands, and getting ready for three full days of hilarity.

In our travels over the city our guide said we had a lucky day, because we had an opportunity of seeing so many fu-

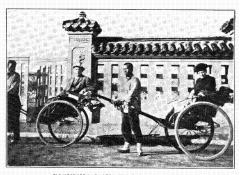
neral and wedding processions. I can't accurately describe either one of these events. A Chinese funeral is a great event, just how great depending upon the wealth of the de-There are bands playing queer instruments, fifes, drums, coolies carrying great banners, hired mourners, gaily costumed coolies carrying the monstrous wooden coffin, and so on, depending on how much money can be expended. If the deceased is very poor, only the huge coffin is carried without other demonstration. There was too much of it for me to comprehend fully, and I have forgotten half the queer things the guide told me. The chief mourner carries something in right or left hand, which indicates what relative is dead. We saw one funeral procession several blocks long that day, and it was the most fantastic and wierd funeral I ever saw. The marshal goes ahead, pounding on a hollow There is some sort of music and drum-beats bamboo tube. all down the line. There was a big carved affair carried on bamboo framework by about forty uniformed coolies. guide said this was for the ghosts of the departed. A big wedding parade came onto the street at the same time this funeral procession was passing and nearly blocked traffic while it turned off on another street.

According to the guide, if the wife dies and the husband follows her remains to the cemetery, he is not permitted to marry again. If he remains quietly at home, he is then heart free. In the first funeral procession we saw, I asked the guide if hubby was along, and he said he was not. Evidently he was reserving his chances for the future. Which reminded me of the story in the home papers of the man who lost his wife and was bewailing his fate until the preacher told him not to mourn, as there was one who would always watch over him and comfort him, whereupon the man dried his eyes and said, quite happily, "Do I know her, parson?"

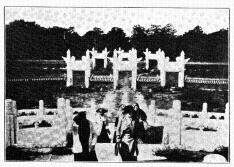
And the wedding parades are also fine business. The groom doesn't figure in the parade at all. The bride has things all her own way, sits in a little closed canopy affair carried by four strong coolies, and rides to the house of the groom, where she is married and becomes one of the family. A feature of the parade, aside of course from the bride and the banners, is the great string of wedding presents that are carried along on display. In some of the wealthy wedding processions we passed there were whole blocks of coolies carrying urns, chinaware, furniture, mirrors, etc., in great profusion. In this big parade I got a peep at the bride as the front curtain was blown aside by the wind. She was a little bit of a Chinese girl, apparently not over twelve or fourteen years old, but her crowd was surely taking the street for about three blocks.

At one busy corner our Chinese driver wanted to turn onto another street and so signaled the policeman. The crowd didn't get out of the way and the car had to stop. Then our driver and the policeman had a great pow-wow and I began to think we had done something that would get the whole outfit of us "pinched." But after much talk the car went on its way undisturbed. I asked the guide what it was all about, and he said our driver was telling the policeman what his duties were, and reading the riot act to him for not clearing a place for the car on the street we wanted to travel. Which shows another of the different ways they do things in China. Imagine an automobile driver stopping in an American city and telling the policeman where to "head in." It's always the other way back home.

On the streets many of the carts are drawn by horses, cattle and mules, all hitched together. The big carts usually have one work animal between the shafts to guide the cart, and then as many animals on ahead, sometimes two or three



RICKISHA DAYS IN PEKIN, CHINA
THE "TENDERFOOT" AND WIFE OUT FOR A SPIN IN THE
CHINESE HORSELESS CARRIAGES



TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN, CHINA OUR PARTY ARRIVING AT THE PLACE OF SACRIFICES



abreast, as are needed to pull the load, all hitched to the cart by long ropes. Water is peddled over town in creaky push carts. You can hear one of them coming for a block. is no adequate water or sewer system in the city. In hundreds of places we saw the people drawing water from open wells by windlass. Streets are sprinkled by hand. laborers carry a tub about as big as half an ordinary barrel, set it down in the middle of the street, then one of them with a big dipper on the end of a pole, dips out a dipper of water and gives it a sling along the street. This operation is continued as far as he can throw water from his long-handled dipper, then the tub is moved on and the operation is repeated. Human labor is so cheap that this plan is no doubt cheaper than a modern team and sprinkling tank. coolies bear enormous burdens. Some of the loads they carry are surprising.

At one place we passed a Chinese general riding in great state. There were troopers on foot and on horseback in front and behind his carriage, but at a toot of our automobile horn the whole procession swung off to the side to let us pass. The auto seems to have the right of way in Pekin.

The women have small deformed feet. It is said that the custom of binding the feet of the girls to make the feet small has been discontinued, but I doubt it. Many young women may be seen hobbling along, barely able to walk. It appears that the feet are really not so small, but having been bound, toes downward, the foot gradually assumes that position and they walk on their toes, and the heel of the foot is above the shoe tops. Certainly it is a foolish custom. Nearly all the men wear skirts and the women wear trousers. What an ideal place for suffragettes! Some of the women wear a queer headdress. It could hardly be called a hat. It looks like a shingle cut with notches and covered with black satin.

It is worn across the head from ear to ear. I don't know how they keep the thing on and make it sit up on edge the way they do, but they manage it somehow, and it looks very odd.

In closing, I wish I could give you some impression of the street scenes. The streets are full of rickishas all the time, It seems like half the people are riding in trot, trot, trot. these rickishas and the other half are pulling them. there is the strange language and shouting, and occasional automobiles and heavily burdened camels side by side. There are water carts, peddlers, heavy two-wheeled carts drawn by many animals, soldiers of all nations, uniformed police; dogs, cats, rich men, poor men, beggar men and thieves (I presume) all mixed up, here, there and everywhere for miles and miles. Such is the fleeting glimpse of Pekin as we saw it, a city of over a million without a street car, a strange mixture of wealth and poverty, of hovels, of dark, ill-smelling streets, and of temples, palaces and beautifully kept grounds. I wish I could tell you more about it, but I have already used more space than I should. Besides it should be remembered that I had time for only a mere peek at Pekin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CRUISE OF THE SOUTHERN ISLANDS.

Manila, June 22, 1917.

I have just returned from one of the most pleasant and interesting trips of the many I have made while in the Philippines, a three weeks' cruise among the southern islands of the archipelago. The trip was made on a coast-guard cutter, one of the fleet of staunch, seagoing boats owned and operated by the Philippine government. Our boat had its own refrigerating system and electric plant, there were fans in each stateroom, and big easy chairs on deck under the canvas awnings. The boat was chartered expressly for our party, and the three weeks' trip was made during pleasant weather, over a sea that was deep blue and as level as a mill pond. We sailed from port to port, seldom out of sight of land, and the green islands with beaches of coral, lined with feathery, waving palms, the wide inlets, the mountains that often had their heads in cloud-mists, made the trip delightful indeed.

Our party was composed of the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources, Mr. Apacible, and the chiefs of the several Bureaus under his control, namely: Dr. Cox, director of the Bureau of Science; Mr. Fischer, of the Bureau of Forestry; Judge Mina, of the Bureau of Lands; Father Algue, of the Weather Bureau; and Director Hernandez and myself, of the Bureau of Agriculture. There were also a few of the leading capitalists from the city of Manila. There were first-class accommodations for our party of twenty on the upper deck. We left on May 31, and were back in Manila the morning of June 20, after having sailed clear around the

big southern island of Mindanao, where stops were made at six of the sub-provinces, including Jolo, in the Sulu group away down within five degrees of the Equator, near the island of Borneo.

It was an inspection trip for the government officials, and at most of the places visited automobiles were waiting to carry the visitors to the principal points of interest. Besides the many long automobile trips to big sugar mills, hemp and rubber plantations, agricultural, forestry and weather stations, we also made several interesting trips by boats up rivers well into the interior of some of the islands visited. and occasionally made short jaunts on horseback and in carretelas (native carts), and more than once "hiked" out on foot through mud and rain; but it was all interesting, and the boat was always waiting for us on our return. Tired, hungry, often muddy, sometimes dusty, dirty and thirsty, that old boat with its electric lights, cool distilled water. shower bath, good meals, and big, comfortable, easy-chairs, was a refuge fully appreciated. Usually a good meal, a smoke in the silvery moonlight on deck, some story-telling and visiting, followed by a good night's rest, put everybody in good shape and full of interest for the next port, which was probably just coming into view after an all night's run. and we were all ashore as soon as the boat was alongside the pier. If there happened to be no pier, we were tumbling into the small boats, any way to get ashore, and ready for more new experiences.

But perhaps I had better begin at the beginning and give you an account of where we went and some of the things we saw. I wish I had the gift to make you see it all as I saw it, but I know that is impossible. However, I'll do the best I can.

Leaving Manila the afternoon of May 31 we were well out

of the bay past Corregidor, the big island fortification, before dark. The south channel was closed by mines as a war precaution, so we threaded our way carefully through the narrow north channel (the one Dewey chose when he concluded to come in on that eventful May morning several years ago.) Corregidor is strongly fortified now, and it would be impossible for Dewey's performance to be duplicated, as a very close watch is kept. When we were well past the island and out in the China Sea, as dusk settled down, the search-lights from the island were sending their beams out over the waters, looking things over carefully. It is wonderful how a searchlight will pick up a ship or other object out in the inky darkness and make it stand out so clear. Our boat carried a small search-light, and many times of a night I watched its work with interest. Passing ships, rocks, piers, the shore line, all glistened and stood out of the darkness quite clearly whenever brought within the beam of that powerful little light.

Our first stop was at Mangarin, on the southwest shore of the island of Mindoro, which we reached the next morning, June 1. Our objective point here was the big San Jose sugar plantation, operated by American and Filipino capital, and also backed more or less by the Philippine government. The company operates a little railroad from the landing at Mangarin out to the big sugar mill on the plantation, about ten miles inland. The mill is a modern centrifugal plant. The crop on the plantation had all been milled when we were there, but the mill was running about full capacity by remelting low grade sugar shipped in from Iloilo and converting it into 96 degree centrifugal sugar.

I watched the process carefully, but don't know much about it after all. The sugar when melted and ready for the centrifugals is a black, sticky syrup. A quantity of this mixture is run into the centrifugal vat, a concern about as

big around as a good sized barrel churn. It is lined with a screen. When the power is turned on, the centrifugal revolves very rapidly, and after a very short time it is stopped and the sugar is scraped from the sides of the screen and started on its way to the sacking room. The syrup and other ingredients except the grain sugar, evidently were whirled out through the fine meshes of the screen and went somewhere else. The process is simple, but it works like magic.

This plantation is a big affair, the company having a grant of thousands of acres of what appears to be fairly good cane land. The company runs the mill and has put in a big irrigation system, and is selling the land to planters on easy terms, evidently preferring the milling business to that of cane growing, as the development of a plantation of that size would require millions of dollars. The planters seem well satisfied, apparently the biggest drawback being the labor question.

We were back to the boat again and off by 3:30 P. M., for Pulupandan, Occidental Negros, which we reached at 1 P. M. the next day, June 2, landing in the small boats. From here several autos were waiting to take us out to La Carlota, several miles inland, where the Bureau of Agriculture maintains an experiment station and stock farm. The ride was through a rich, level farming country, mostly devoted to growing sugar-cane, corn and cocoanuts. The land has been farmed for nearly 200 years, but the soil still looks dark and rich and is producing good crops. After several hours of inspection of the experiment station, cattle, horses, and poultry, the party got back to the boat and sailed about midnight, the ride out from the beach being made in the small boats during a rainstorm that made the sea rather rough and the getting on board somewhat exciting. Everybody got wet, but nobody was hurt.

We sailed steadily south that night and all the next day, Sunday, June 3, arriving at Zamboanga, the extreme southwestern point of the big island of Mindanao, on Monday morning, June 4. Zamboanga is a beautiful place, probably one of the prettiest harbors in the Islands. It is the island capital, and Governor Carpenter has accomplished much in the way of beautifying the place by establishing beautiful parks and gardens. We went by auto over splendid roads several miles out to the government penal farm at San Ramon, where hundreds of prisoners are employed on a model farm managed by Superintendent Joe Cooley, who is a regular steam engine for energy and a genius for efficiency. This farm was a revelation to most of the members of our party, who were acquainted only with the average Philippine methods of farming. Cooley has brought in modern machinery and is farming in a modern way. He is developing new land all the time and setting out cocoanut trees, but on the new land and in between the trees he is growing corn. It's good corn, too, largely because it is well cultivated. This year he has sold over \$10,000 worth of corn from the farm, which shows that he is growing things. Also about \$17,000 worth of copra (dried cocoanuts). The institution is almost selfsupporting, an unusual condition for a penitentiary. They grind their own corn meal, raise and cure their own pork, grow peanuts, fruits, vegetables, etc., and the place is kept up in ship-shape with beautiful grounds. The superintendent's house, surrounded by palms and facing the sea, is a regular little palace. Cooley has a little Moro boy trained to do stunts, and he put him through his paces for our benefit. The little chap was about ten years old, and smart. His little black eyes twinkled when he stood up straight as a ramrod, saluted, spoke a piece in good English, sang "Old Black Joe," and when asked who he was, declared quite proudly and

loudly that he was a "Filipino Irishman." Returning to Zamboanga, we had a fine lunch at the club, and left this beautiful place with regret at 2:00 p. m., bound for the island of Basilan, just across the channel from Zamboanga, to visit the big rubber plantation of the Basilan Plantation Com-This was my first sight of a rubber plantation. Some of the trees of the Basilan Company are from five to seven years old, and are producing rubber. These trees are tall, straight, the bark is rather light colored, and they have few The trees are tapped and a groove is made down one side of the trunk to the base, where a little cup which holds about a pint is placed to catch the flow. The sap is pure white and of about the consistency of thin cream. The trees are tapped every day, the flow from the new wound being led into the main groove, through which it slowly works its way down to the cup.

A collection is also made every day, and the sap or latex is carried to the central station or factory, where it is given a chemical process in big white tanks, and is finally converted into commercial rubber by being run through rollers and pressed into long, thin sheets, in which condition it is ready for market. I was told that at present prices the trees were producing about \$5.00 worth of rubber per tree per annum, which was considered quite profitable, and that the product was expected to increase as the trees advanced in age. Labor is cheap on this plantation, an average laborer receiving 70 centavos (35 cents gold) per day. We tramped out to the rubber grove and back on foot through the mud, but the sights were well worth the effort.

We left that night for the Sulu archipelago, and by morning were sailing along the north shore of the island of Jolo, headed for Jolo harbor, which was in sight in the distance. The sea was a beautiful deep blue, and so clear and so shallow

in places that we could see the bottom, the queer sea vegetation, the coral reefs, and the many-hued fishes. We passed a small Moro fishing boat on which the natives had a shark about seven feet long which they had captured and were cutting up into steaks for sale, as we would beef at home. Diving for pearls is one of the big industries on the shoals near Jolo, and the harbor was filled with small sail-boats of this pearling fleet as we came in. Some of the largest and finest pearls in the world are found near Jolo. We arrived there the morning of June 5. Before we were alongside the pier, divers in small boats appeared and were anxious to dive for small coins thrown overboard. Two native women in a small boat seemed anxious to get into the game. They were both rather thinly clad and one of them was quite fat. The temptation was too great to resist when a few coins landed near their boat and went shimmering off down through the transparent blue water, so overboard went both women, and each came up with a coin, grinning and beckoning the passengers to toss more coins. These Mores are expert divers and seldom let a coin get away from them.

We went ashore and were soon being whisked around town in autos, for although this is the land of the rather wild Moro, where most of the white men one meets carries a gun and every chauffeur has a "sixgun" on his hip, there are plenty of autos and some pretty fair roads. Our party went out over the beautiful wooded hills, over a good road, clear across the island. We visited a native market on the coast, where among other things displayed for sale were some of the prettiest fish and the greatest variety of the same that I have seen anywhere in the Islands.

It was on this trip that one auto load, consisting of four Americans, of which I was one, heard of a big Moro "fiesta," or celebration, in another part of the island, and decided it

would be worth while to attend. It was a celebration of the liberation from prison of one of the "datus" or native chiefs. We went in the auto out to a station where there was a detachment of Constabulary and there got horses (little native ponies) and made the rest of the trip over slim trails, on horseback. When we arrived at the scene of the celebration things were moving along fine. It had been going on for a day or two. Several carabaos had been slaughtered and cooked for the feast. There were probably from 300 to 400 Moros assembled when we got there, all decked out in gaudy clothing, a pretty wild looking bunch, I assure you. we had Major Livingston, the senior inspector of Constabulary, with us and were in no particular danger; at least, nothing serious happened to us. We went into the big Moro house, sat down to the feast with the chiefs, ate "chow" with our fingers instead of forks, and were treated with all the ceremony of royalty. When we left, the datu who had been released from prison presented me with a fine fighting knife, a sort of bolo called a "barong" with a silver handle, the base of which was beautifully carved, which I appreciate highly.

When we got back to Jolo that afternoon I was surprised to learn that the place we visited was less than half a mile from the scene of the tragedy where Lieutenant Ward and a small squad of Constabulary were killed by Moros about two months previous to the time we were there. We had heard all about the killing of Ward before we left Manila, but had no idea we were getting into that sort of a locality when we went to the feast. Ward and his little handful of men put up a good fight and sent twenty-two Moros to the happy hunting-grounds before they finally got him. He was chopped to pieces with those horrible "barongs."

These Sulu Moros are pretty tough birds, real savages and

religious fanatics. They don't like American control very well, and have a particular antipathy to Filipinos. Of course the time is coming when they will have to behave or go the way of our American Indian, but you will remember that the Indian was some time in going, and caused a good deal of horror with his savage cruelty before he finally left the scene. The Moro will probably do likewise.

The Moros of Sulu are largely controlled by datus or head men, and these in turn acknowledge the Sultan of Sulu, who lives at Jolo. He is not a very impressive personage either physically or mentally, but he seems to "get there" just the same. In the afternoon when we returned to Jolo our party attended a tea and reception at the home of the American Governor, and that evening attended a ball and reception at the Sultan's palace. Everybody was out in holiday attire, and it was quite an affair. The Sultan didn't have his harem on exhibition, which was some disappointment. He seemed to be quite pleased to entertain the crowd at his home, but took little interest in what was going on. The party lasted until late, and it was after midnight before we were all on board the cutter and ready to sail.

We sailed all day Wednesday, June 6, and arrived at the mouth of the Cotabato River on the southwest side of Mindanao on Thursday morning, June 7. We anchored here and were met by Governor Bryant and party on the river steamer General Hall, a flat-bottomed stern-wheel boat almost as large as our cutter, but much better adapted to river travel. We at once transferred to this boat, and were soon steaming leisurely up the Cotabato River. The mouth of this big river is a delta, and the stream finds its way to the sea through numerous small channels that thread their way through the many small islands, that are covered to the water's edge

with mangrove thickets, occasional tall trees, and many clinging, creeping vines.

It was while passing through this delta jungle that I saw my first wild monkeys. There were eight or ten of them in a tree close to the river, and they were chattering and jumping around as lively as any circus monkey you ever saw. have been in many places in the Islands where monkeys were said to abound, but this was my first glimpse of them running wild. I saw many others on this trip. There were also many strange birds and queer kinds of vegetation, in fact the whole scene was quite tropical and unusual. Our first stop was at the town of Cotabato, which is on the river just above the delta, where a military force of U.S. scouts is stationed. From this point we steamed steadily up the river all day until near nightfall, when we reached our destination, the Filipino agricultural colonies, established there in the heart of Moroland by the Philippine government. We visited the colony briefly, and made the return trip down the river quite rapidly after dark. The Cotabato River runs through a great plain, and the view from the deck of the steamer was interesting and constantly changing all the way. From an agricultural standpoint this rich valley, extending away for apparently hundreds of miles to the mountains, is practically untouched. There are scattering fields of corn, tobacco, hemp, rice and cocoanuts here and there along the river bank, but the vast area extending back to the mountains is still mostly virgin soil.

What of its future? Who can tell? As I rode up this great valley that day I thought of what I heard the late Col. Anthony say one day in a talk at Lawrence, Kansas. He said that in the year 1856 he had stood on the hill where the Kansas State University is now located and gazed out across the unbroken sea of grass along the Kaw Valley, and the only

thought of its possibilities that occurred to him at the time was that it would make a pretty good cattle ranch, with the ranch-house located on the hill where he stood, thus over-looking the big range. That was as far as he had vision at that time. The possibilities of the Kaw Valley as it is today, intensively farmed and dotted with houses, towns, railways and cities, did not occur to him at all. And I looked out across the great Cotabato Valley, which is in as virgin a state as the Kaw was when Col. Anthony saw it, and wondered if I could make a better guess on its possibilities. I doubt that I could do better. Nobody today fully realizes the hidden resources of that great island of Mindanao, much of it as yet practically unexplored.

Besides the rich agricultural lands, there is an undreamed of wealth of timber. There is iron, coal, copper, gold, waterpower, untold millions of resources practically untouched, not only in the Cotabato country but all over the great expanse of the island, a country nearly as large as the state of Kansas.

They say there are huge crocodiles in this Cotabato River, but we didn't see any on our journey. However, at each little nipa house along the bank of the river I noticed that there was a little pen or half circle made of bamboo poles or small logs, and was informed that it was in this little pen at the edge of the river that the members of the family bathed, secure from any crocodile that might happen along. They say some venturesome Moro gets nabbed while paddling out in the river away from the pen, every once in a while, but such an event doesn't cause much comment.

Coming back down the river that night, we stopped at the home of Datu Piang, one of the big Moro chiefs of the valley, and went ashore and paid him a visit. He was a tough looking old customer, but he invited us into his home, served black coffee and blacker "Londres" cigars, and seemed to appreciate our visit. Before we left he had his wives assemble, and they played us several tunes on the brass gongs. It was a rather novel show. These gongs were something like inverted brass bowls with little nobs on their tops. They were hammered with wooden sticks and give forth a clear, ringing sound. There were seven or eight of these gongs in a row resting on a network of bamboo strips. They were graduated in size to produce the various tones. One woman did the hammering on this row. Then there were other larger gongs, two or three of them on which women kept up a constant hammering with sticks producing much the effect of a snare drum. Besides this, there were four large bass gongs suspended from poles. These gongs were as large around as an ordinary wash tub and gave forth a booming sound that could be heard for miles. When the whole gang of grinning women folks got to pounding away for dear life, you could hardly "hear yourself think." Even at that, the performers managed somehow to keep rather good time and occasionally almost played a tune. As it takes about seven or eight wives to play one of these Moro pianos, I presume this kind of music will not become popular back home.

All day Friday, June 9, was required in sailing from Cotabato down around the extreme southern point of Mindanao and up the Gulf of Davao to the town of the same name, which we reached early Saturday morning. Davao's main industry is hemp, and the recent big advance in the price of this product has caused a regular boom there. I was told by one dealer there that grades of hemp that he formerly sold at \$7.00 per picul now found a ready market at \$45.00, which will give you some idea of the advance in prices and why Davao has a boom. Money is plentiful and merchants

are all busy. The day we arrived there a steamer from Manila was just leaving, and the pier was piled high with goods for the local dealers.

I was told that there are fourteen automobiles in the town and only six miles of auto roads in the entire province. They use the cars to "joy ride" around the town. They say the Monobos (the wild hill tribes) come to town with a shirtpocket full of money and pay six pesos per hour for an auto ride around town, just for the novelty of the thing. You see at present prices some old fellow up in the hills strips out his little patch of hemp and the product brings him possibly 300 pesos, more money than he ever had before in his life or ever expected to have, and he doesn't hardly know what to do with it. There are some big hemp plantations near Davao that are owned by corporations. They are all making Their greatest trouble is the labor problem. Natives do not want to work for a peso or two a day on the plantations when they can go back and strip hemp on shares for small planters and make six to eight pesos per day.

The soil around Davao is of excellent quality. Dr. Cox, of the Bureau of Science, told me he had analyzed soil from many places in the Philippines, and that the soil at Davao was the nearest perfect for agricultural purposes of any he had tested. There are many Japanese in and around Davao, and they are arriving in great numbers. I was informed that over 650 Japanese arrived at Davao during the past month of May. There is one big model hemp plantation owned by Japanese, near Davao, that our party visited, besides many others in that locality.

The morning of Sunday, June 10, is a date I will not soon forget. That was the date I had a finger pinched while landing in a rather rough sea at Wood's ranch at Malita, down the coast from Davao. As we were leaving the launch,

a big swell caught it and jammed it up against one of the posts of the pier. It so happened that one of my fingers got between the launch and the piling when the jam came. The finger was all right as a bumper as long as it lasted, and I assure you it lasted plenty long enough to suit me. The whole end of the finger was crushed, but it came out all right in time. Mr. Wood has a model plantation at Malita. Our party made an inspection of his hacienda, but I remained at his handsome home and nursed my sore finger. It was at Malita that I was shown a cocoanut tree with a record. I was told that last year this one tree produced a total of 360 nuts, and that they were sold at the local store for ten centavos each. Thus the tree produced a revenue of thirty-six pesos in one year. The size of this yield can be better appreciated when it is known that trees on the average cocoanut plantation bring in a revenue of from one to four Many of the big planters lease their trees to the laboring people for a peso per tree.

We spent Monday, June 11, out on the blue Pacific, traveling north along the east coast of Mindanao. But one stop was made that day, at a little place called Boston, where the Governor of Davao went ashore, prepared to hike overland on an inspection trip back to Davao over mountain trails, jungles and marsh. Truly, being Governor of a Mindanao province is no soft snap. He figured that it would take him eight days to get back to Davao. This little town of Boston has the distinction of being at least one town in the Philippines where English is spoken almost exclusively. It is only a small barrio, and a company of American soldiers was stationed there for some time during war times. The natives soon picked up the language, found it better suited to their needs than their own limited vocabulary, and continue to

speak it now. Even the youngsters all speak fairly good English.

The morning of June 12 we rounded the point at Surigao. the extreme northeastern part of Mindanao, and went down to the mouth of the Agusan River, where we anchored, and went up the river in the small boats to the town of Butuan. The river is quite wide, and the trip was very pleasant. Our reception at this town was something out of the ordinary. As our boats advanced up the river, we came in sight of a native canoe, a long, light boat, almost like a racing shell used in college contests. It contained eight or ten natives. rowing rapidly with their queer, pointed paddles. The boat was decorated with little pennants of various colors that waved in the breeze as the canoe moved briskly along. Soon there were other similar canoes, all with bright pennants waving. As we got nearer town, the river was fairly filled with these small boats, their occupants laughing and cheering lustily. Then came a little steam launch that added its whistle to the tumult, cannons boomed on shore, and it finally dawned on us that the reception was in our honor. the native boats upset and spilled its eight or ten occupants out in midstream, but it didn't seem to bother them a bit. It was raining and they were all wet anyway, and they were expert swimmers as well as oarsmen.

Butuan is quite a town, and the people treated us fine. There was a big meeting, speeches, a fine luncheon at the Governor's home, then the sports, canoe races, carabao races, Moro spear and shield dances, followed by a big ball at night. They made the day a regular holiday. Imagine a carabao race. These huge, slow-going animals can really run all right when they get in motion. It was great sport, almost as exciting as an elephant race. One man had his carabao trained to do tricks, one of which was to kneel down

and walk around on its knees. It was in this town that Dr. Cox secured a six-foot crocodile and two iguanas for the government aquarium at Manila. They were securely tied, sent down to our cutter and came through all right.

At this place several members of the party purchased the material for table tops, solid pieces of red narra wood more than six feet in diameter. This wood takes on a beautiful polish, and you can imagine what a fine table one of these solid pieces of wood of that dimension would make. It was on the return trip down the river that night that we witnessed one of the queerest sights of the entire trip. about midnight and very dark, but occasionally some tree along the shore would blaze out, first on one side of the tree, then on the other, with a light that resembled sheet lightning. About every quarter of a mile there would be one of these trees, and I couldn't understand what caused the light, until I was told that it was made by millions of fireflies on the tree, flashing their lights in unison. All the flies on one side or the other apparently lit up at the same time, producing a regular flash of light; then the other side would illuminate, then it would come from the top of the tree, a continuous performance. Many times over here I have seen trees full of fireflies, their glistening, twinkling lights making the tree look like it was full of sparkling diamonds, and that by the way is a beautiful sight, but never before or since have I seen anything like those flashing trees on the Agusan River that night.

June 13 we visited the big saw mill at Kalumbugan. It is a modern mill with big band-saws cutting up the huge logs into lumber quite rapidly. It was interesting to watch those saws glide through the logs slicing off slabs as easily as though the log were made of cheese instead of tough wood. The business of this one mill runs into millions every

year and lumber is exported to many foreign countries. has been in operation for three or four years, but apparently hasn't made any impression at all on the dense timber that covers the mountains to their very tops. As we were leaving this place we passed a little launch coming down the coast with a string of logs in tow for the mill. These logs were great long fellows, more than six feet in diameter, of hard wood, and so heavy that they required bamboo wings on each side to keep them affoat. There were ten or twelve of these huge logs strung out in a line, and the little launch was snorting and puffing in the choppy sea, but slowly and surely bringing them down to their fate at the mill. From the lumber mill we sailed back to Camp Overton, which we reached after night, and tied up at the pier. This place was at one time the scene of great activity, as the government maintained a military post here during the time of the campaign against the Lanao Moros. There was some lively fighting from Camp Overton on up to Camp Kiethly and all around Lake Lanao. The Lanao Moros were a bad lot, and are yet for that matter; but they got a pretty fair taste of what Uncle Sam can do when he tries and are not anxious for more, at least not right now. The United States troops have been withdrawn from Overton and Keithly, as in fact is the case at all points on the island. Only scouts and constabulary detachments are maintained there now. result, these posts seem rather deserted. Time was when there was action enough to suit the most adventurous.

We made the trip from Overton up through Momungan to Kiethly at Lake Lanao in automobiles, and the scenery is beautiful, as fine as anything in Colorado or anywhere in the Rockies. The Agus River heads at Lake Lanao, and starts right out a wide, roaring torrent. It takes some majestic tumbles in its short journey to the sea, as turbulent

as the White River in Colorado. Some of the falls are a sheer drop of several hundred feet, and are majestic, as there is a great volume of water. Some day this water-power will be used. Lake Lanao is one of the prettiest places I have seen in the Islands, high, cool, beautiful scenery on every hand. The government maintains a fine hospital on one of the hills overlooking the lake.

At Momungan the government has established an Ameri-It is composed of American men who have marcan colony. ried Filipino women. The colony started with nearly a hundred families three years ago. There are thirty-nine families there now. It was a pretty hard pull for them. Pioneering is no picnic anywhere. Some of these settlers will make good. Others have dropped out. The government furnished them transportation to the colony, gave them each a homestead, and loaned them some money which is being slowly repaid. I was much interested in this colony, as its management is in charge of the Bureau of Agriculture, and under my immediate supervision. There is a colony store and rice mill, the settlers have erected homes and are opening up farms, but the little handful of people there are surrounded by Moros on every side, and have about as hard a time as our early settlers at home had with the Indians. Those who stick will eventually win, because it is largely a survival of the fittest.

From Overton we sailed to Cebu, where several auto trips were made, including visits to the government Forestry Station, Land Office, and to the big hacienda owned by Speaker Osmeña, away up at the northern part of the island. I have written before of Cebu. From here we returned to the island of Bohol, stopping at Loay, where several of the party went ashore and traveled by auto to the capital, Tagbilaran. It is along the south shore of this island that the beautiful road

is located which I wrote about in a previous letter. We arrived at Iloilo Sunday morning, June 17. Here we visited the Forestry Station, the Agricultural Station at La Paz, the Immunization Station, and other points of interest, sailing that night for Capiz, on the north shore of the island of Panay, which we reached the next day.

Several of our party went up the river in small boats to the town of Capiz. I did not go, as I had visited the town several times before, and besides, I was still nursing that sore finger, which continued to thump painfully, and I had rather lost interest in landing in small boats since my experience at Malita. That evening we sailed for the island of Mindoro, which we reached the next day, making stops at Pola, just above the town of Pinamalayan, and at a small barrio, where several members of our party made a trip up a river to Lake Nauhan in the interior of the island. I regretted not being able to make this trip, as those who went said it was very interesting. When they got back that evening we sailed for Calapan, the capital of the province, which we reached after dark in a driving rainstorm. After landing, we rode through the rain about two miles in native carts to the town, where we were given a reception, dance, and a fine dinner, and sailed that night at midnight for Manila, where we arrived the next day at noon, Wednesday, June 20.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Manila, July 15, 1918.

I have purposely delayed writing this last letter, because I wanted to have as long a residence here as possible in order to become familiar with certain local conditions before attempting to form definite conclusions.

American occupation of the Philippines has certainly been of great benefit to the Islands. There are but few here now who would question this statement. Law and order have been established throughout the land and property rights are secure. Safety of life is assured. There has been great progress in education, sanitation, transportation, a steady advancement right along dating from the time of American occupation. By this it is not meant that all these things are at their best, that there is nothing more to be desired, but that they are as good or better than can be found under average pioneer conditions anywhere.

It must be remembered that Philippine progress should not be compared with conditions in the United States, but rather with countries in the Orient. It would be manifestly unfair to compare Philippine cities with New York or Chicago, or Philippine farms with those of Kansas, Illinois or Iowa. Compared with other Oriental countries I have seen, the Philippines stand high. Elections in certain localities are notoriously corrupt, but they have only been exercising the elective franchise for a few years, and may regulate such matters in time. Even in America where the people have been voting for over 150 years, elections are not entirely free

from corrupt practices. Many rich Filipinos spend money freely to be elected to office, much more than the salary of the office amounts to for the entire term, a condition that is far from satisfactory in many ways.

There has been some unfriendly feeling between Filipinos and Americans ever since the first of our troops landed here. This does not necessarily mean that Filipinos are not appreciative of what our government has done for them, but it must be remembered that less than a score of years ago there was war here, and war at its best is no "pink tea." Naturally when the military took charge, things were run with a rather high hand, which at the time was considered expe-All the old-timers here unblushingly refer to that period as the "Days of the Empire." The commanding general was practically a king. Naturally the general liked Power is a pleasant thing—when you exercise it. only the general, but the whole army, liked the authority; likewise the civilian Americans who helped direct affairs did not object to exercising authority. You have no doubt guessed by this time that the only party to the affair who didn't like it was the Filipino, who had been defeated on the field of battle and was being made to take his medicine. that time American occupation didn't suit him very well, and he did not appreciate being bossed around. He wasn't sure that American intentions were of the best. He wanted independence. He wants it vet.

There is unquestionably a better feeling now between Americans and Filipinos than ever before. This feeling even yet is not as cordial as it might be, and there are many reasons for it. At every step in Philippine advancement there has been opposition. Most Americans contended that the advance was being made too rapidly, and a considerable following of Filipinos were just as earnest in the belief that

it was not fast enough, and as Mr. Dooley says, "There ye are." When Mr. Taft came over to establish the first civil government, which of course loosened the grip of the military, the army folks didn't like the idea. They don't like it even yet. They predicted more or less disaster, which history has proven didn't result. When an elective House of Representatives was proposed, the same opposition was encountered. Likewise when Filipinos were given positions in the Commission, or upper house. Likewise, and more so, when Filipinos filled a majority of the seats in the Commission; and more yet when the Jones bill was finally passed, and the Commission was changed to an elective Senate, and a Philippine Cabinet was formed. Following this was a rather rapid Filipinization of the entire government service and wholesale retirement of American employees. Yet throughout it all there has been advancement; there has been a better feeling between races that were opposed; a progress that all fairminded people are now willing to admit.

While on this particular race question, I might state that it seems to be that there is less prejudice between the two classes out in the provinces than there is here in Manila. Here the army viewpoint is still in evidence. It is here in Manila that the average American comes in contact mostly with the "cochero" (the hack driver), the "lavandera" (laundress), the "muchacho" (houseboy), which at best could hardly be considered typical of the Filipino people. Here Americans are numerous enough to meet their own social needs, and are more or less clannish. Better class Filipinos resent this attitude and are not anxious to be rebuffed, so make no great efforts toward being sociable. In the provinces the situation is much the reverse, and a much better feeling obtains. Of course, there are radicals among all classes; but from what I have seen I am convinced that

there is a much better feeling and understanding all around than ever before; that Filipinos really appreciate what America has done for them, and that conditions will continue to improve as time goes on.

The world-war has certainly demonstrated the loyalty of the people of these Islands. They have subscribed liberally to every Liberty Loan drive as it came along, never failing to go "over the top." They have responded heartily to appeals for the Red Cross, Belgian relief, ambulance, and other war funds. They have offered a division of the Philippine National Guard, which is now awaiting the President's call, and if ordered to active service, I am sure Uncle Sam will have no cause to feel ashamed of his brown soldiers from across the Pacific. The Legislature, with the limited resources at its command, has voted to assist by the purchase of air- and water-craft to aid the mother country, and in many other ways the people have shown their loyalty when America was in distress. There may be a personal interest in their activity. This is no doubt the case, for the worldwar is a fight for democracy and the rights of small nations, a situation in which the Filipinos see the dawn of their nation, an ambition they have long cherished. But after all, when the sons of men who twenty years ago were firing at the old flag, now enlist under its folds and offer to risk their heart's blood for the things that flag stands for, it is a performance that should not be treated lightly even by the most thoughtless American who loves his native land.

Which brings me to the matter of Philippine independence, which is a rather ticklish matter, and I declared at the outset that I would not dabble much in political affairs. I am no deep student. I have no pet theories. I know that most Filipinos say they want independence. Many of the leaders know the risk of absolute independence, yet declare they

are willing to take the chances. I am convinced that they would like to have independence and yet have American protection, a condition hardly attainable. So long as the American flag remains it seems to me America must rule. When the flag comes down, America should go. That's merely the way I see it. Mr. Taft is reported to have said that the Filipinos are more capable of self-government than the Cubans were when the privilege was extended to them; but Cuba has had some rather turbid experiences since she started out alone, and has had to have help more than once.

My opinion is that they will ultimately be granted independence; but when the time arrives, the governing hand will be released so gradually that few will realize that it has gone. Filipinos are practically governing themselves now. The revenues of the government for all purposes, roads, bridges, harbor improvements, schools, courts, officials and employees, etc., are all obtained from the people of the Islands, and practically have been for many years. America's expense has been almost entirely in the support of the army and navy and in building fortifications. As to the Japanese menace to this country, I cannot see it the same as do some alarmists. Even if Japan was as wholly grasping as she is pictured, it is my opinion that she would have her attention centered on bigger game, closer home, a country better adapted to her present and future needs.

Much more might be said concerning Philippine affairs, but it would be largely my own personal views, probably biased more or less by politics and environment; and besides, in all these letters I have tried to keep away from topics of that nature, making my letters rather a record of personal experiences, in the hope that the same might possibly prove of some interest. We are about to sail for home after more than four years among the hospitable people in

these pleasant Islands. The time has passed quickly, and there are no regrets. In fact, the years spent in the Philippines have been broadening ones, happy ones, too, and as the time approaches for our departure, I admit that we will leave with feelings of regret, and the hope that we may some day return; that the view of the beautiful city of Manila as we sail out into the bay will not be recorded as a permanent farewell; but even so, nothing can efface the pleasant memory of the fleeting, happy days spent in this balmy land of perpetual summer. Truly, we will always cherish the kindest memory of Manila and the Philippines—"Where Nothing Knocks But Opportunity."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOME AGAIN.

SEDGWICK, KANSAS, Nov. 1, 1918.

Home again! No one can realize just how good it seems to be back home again without having had some similar experience. We left Manila on the Japanese steamer Tenuo Maru on September 2, 1918, bound for Hongkong, where we were to connect with the Canadian Pacific steamer Empress of Japan for the long journey home. This boat was not due to depart for nearly a week, so we had time to visit not only Hongkong but also the typically Chinese city of Canton, ninety miles up the river. Sailing from Hongkong September 11, we visited Shanghai, and from there sailed for the Japanese ports of Nagasaki, Kobe, and Yokohama, leaving the last named port September 20 for the long run of eleven days straight across to Vancouver, eleven days of plowing straight ahead at the rate of 350 miles per day or better, no land in sight, just a steady pounding of the engines day and night until we landed at Vancouver on October 2.

From there the journey was easy, and we felt that we were almost home. At Blaine, Washington, where our train crossed the boundary line and stopped for baggage inspection, the old Stars and Stripes seemed to wave us a joyous welcome. And all the way down through the prosperous cities of Tacoma, Seattle, and Portland, the country seemed fairly singing a welcome home. The forests with their beautiful tints touched by the first frosts of autumn made a picture that was a constant delight, and I began to realize that I had been fairly well "fed up" on bamboo and palm

scenery, which served to make the change all the more appreciated. And through the trip up the scenic Columbia River and on out across the mountains, through Pendleton, Pocatello, and Cheyenne, on down to Denver, and then out across the rolling, fertile plains of my native state of Kansas, there kept running through my mind that verse from "America":

"My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above."

The man who wrote that certainly knew his business, all right. At least he expressed my sentiments right down to the grass roots. Home again! Truly, you will never know just how good those words sound, gentle reader, until you have been to foreign lands and experience a home-coming. As I feel right now, the best part of a trip abroad is the coming back.







